A MAGAZINE FOR COLUMBIA & SOUTH CAROLINA

# osceola

25¢

Number Seven

November 7, 1972

The problems of Metropolitan Columbia — Page 10.

# Conditions, communications plague CCI

by Richard Harpootlian and Brad Stinson

Jesse Strickland is nervous.

His hands always seem to be moving, jerking as he makes a point. A smoldering cigarette is always gripped tightly between his fingers.

As he rocks back and forth in a squeaky chair in his office at the 100-year-old Central Correctional Institute, he answers our questions.

How long have you been with the Department of Corrections? "Ten years." How did you get the job? "I worked as a cop with the Columbia police department and joined the staff out here as a security officer and worked my way up to warden."

Impressive. The man worked his way up from common prison guard to warden of South Carolina's maximum security penetentiary. But why in the hell is he so nervous, so defensive?

Because Strickland knows——and candidly admits—that the inmates at CCI can take the place any time they wish. Inmates we talked to know that choice is theirs, but during the past four years they simply haven't been so moved. Inmates feel that a prison riot or "takeover" would give them no chance to escape and would merely result in the destruction of prison property and the possible loss of lives—their own lives. The inmate population would lose. Of course, when you have nothing to lose except your life and life isn't worth living—and as perhaps could be expected there is a widespread feeling among inmates at CCI that is isn't—then the situation gets sticky.

And that's why Jesse Strickland is so nervous.

Increasingly, after years of ignoring them, the atrocious condition of the nation's prisons has come to the attention of the public. The bloody uprising at Attica was the most publicized event, but other prison revolts along with media and commision investigations have resulted in public debate concerning the efficacy of prisons and the entire concept of prisoner rehabilitation, in theory and practice.

Columbia's Central Correctional Institute is by no means divorced from these recent events. CCI experienced its first major rebellion in October of 1968 when inmates seized temporary control of the facility, but were ultimately persuaded to return peacefully to their cells. Since that time, minor incidents have abounded. Now, four years after the first trouble, CCI is coming under the scrutiny of the public, press and elected and non-elected government officials.

A Columbia magistrate, after investigating conditions at CCI, has vowed never to sentence anyone to do time there again. A new book by former Washington Post reporter Ben Bagdikian maintains that the Central Correctional Institute is one of the worse prisons in the country, far worse than some of those where serious trouble has already flared.

Governor John West recently called the physical plant at CCI "a dungeon." William Leeke, director of the Department of Corrections, has informed the State Budget and Control Board (of which West is a member) that it will cost approximately $35 million to build and staff the facilities needed to replace CCI. Yet even if the money to replace the present "dungeon" was appropriated tommorow, it would take eight to ten years to accomplish the task. Meanwhile, life—if you can call it that—goes on at the Central Correctional Institute.

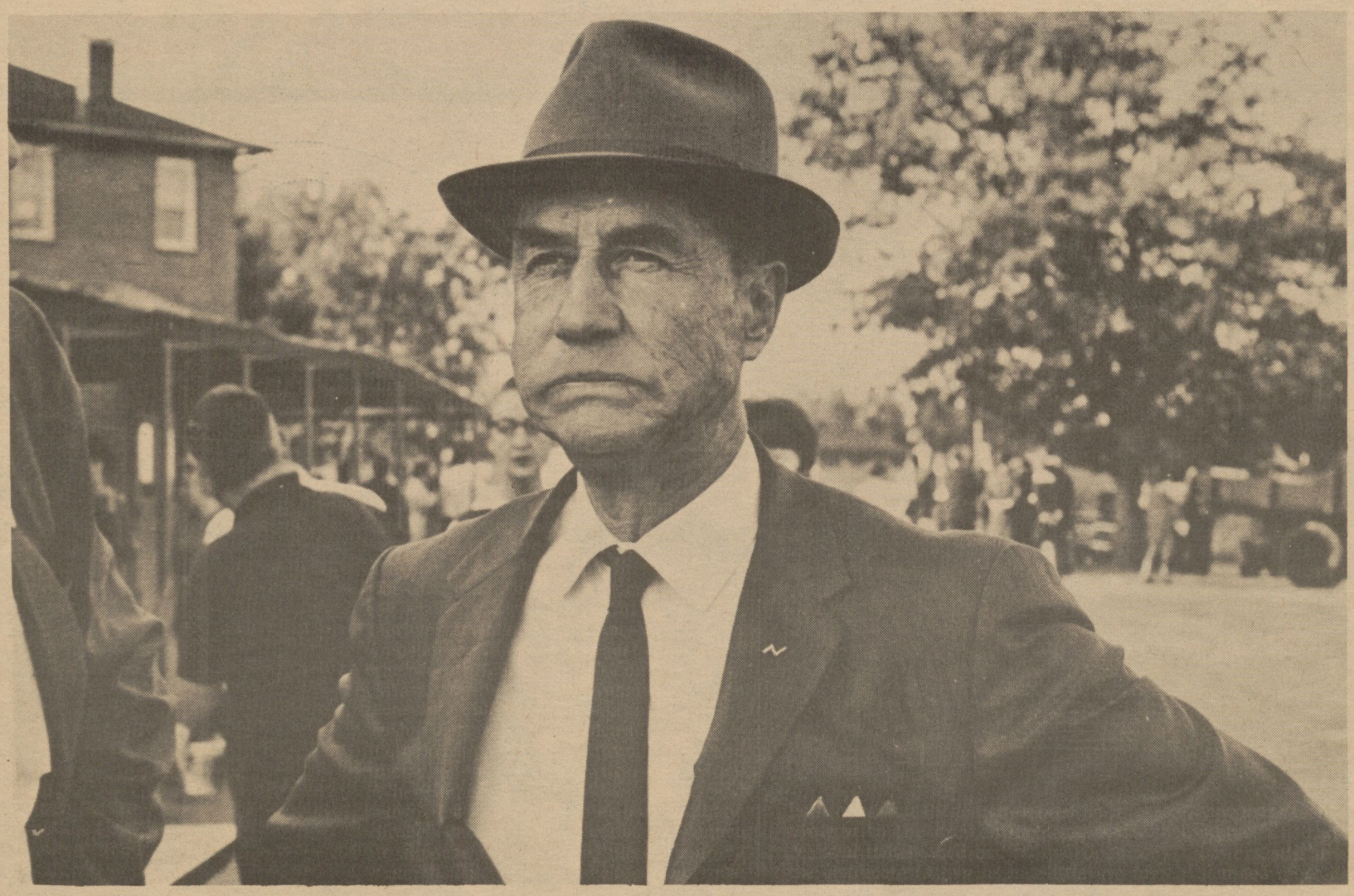
Unfortunately, the problems at CCI, and in other prisons throughout the nation go beyond the matter of facilities and physical plants, and extend to the question of the very purpose of the prisons themselves.

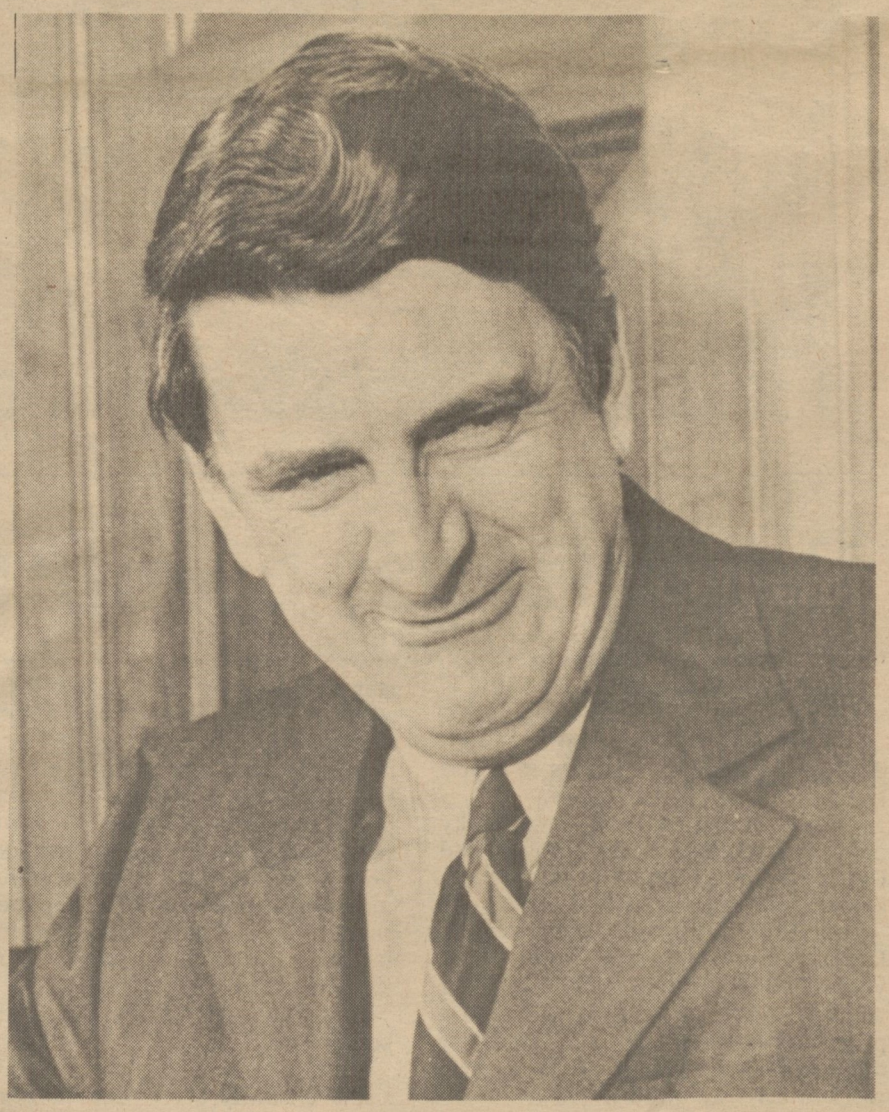
For instance, is CCI—William Leeke, Jesse Strickland and the others —recycling society's criminals and rehabilitating them into "good citizens?" We talked with inmates who told us the rehabilitation programs at CCI are "a laugh."

Jimmy Bell, serving 25 years for armed robbery, said, "It's a front...it's phoney. I don't want to hear about it. There is no such thing at this institution. It's bullshit."

Continued on page four

# Zeigler or Thurmond?





Yeech! Kind of sickening, isn't it? Sort of makes you wanna...well, upchuck or something. In fact, it looks like it's even getting to the candidates.

Since we began publishing Osceola in May, we've been doing our best to make politicians a little ill, or to at least make them realize someone's watching them now. Monitoring government and politics. Keeping score for the people.

There's more, of course. We're trying to explore media, arts and sports and write about them in a way the daily newspapers are unwilling to do.

Unfortunately, we can't do it for free. We need subscriptions. Lots of them, if we are to do the job effectively. And we want to very badly.

So help us today. Get behind us 1,000 per cent. Send $5 for 26 issues ($4 for students and military) and we'll try to make it perfectly clear for you. But we need your help. Now.

Name _____

Street or box number _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Birthday _____

☐ $5 for one year ☐ $8.50 for two years

Send to:

**Osceola**
P.O. Box 5033
Columbia, S.C.
29250

# ¢HEAP SH⊙T$

The Freedom of Information Act, amended and passed during the summer by the South Carolina General Assembly, proposes to assure that all meetings and records of governmental bodies (except in certain, highly specific cases) shall be open to the public.

There are, however, some discrepancies, if not in the letter of the law, then certainly in its interpretation.

Section 4 of the act provides that "reasonable" access to the records and "reasonable" acess to available facilities for full exercise of the right to inspect and copy such records shall not be denied. It further provides that "a reasonable charge may be made for copies furnished by the public agency.

The key word here, at least for now, is "reasonable." One administrative aide at the secretary of state's office quoted a charge of $1 for the first copy of each page and fifty cents for each additional copy to one Osceola staff member interested in obtaining copies of certain records.

Two other staff members seeking to search the House Ethics committee files were allowed access to the files only after trying three times to gain permission. The reason given for the delay was the fact that our staff was, so to speak, "out of season" in that the legislature is not in session.

The act, continuing in section 4, provides that when records are not available at the time of request, "the custodian shall state this fact in writing to the applicant and set a date and hour within a reasonable time at which the record will be available . . ."

The Osceola staffers received nothing in writing, and there could be some debate as to whether two weeks is a "reasonable" length of time to wait for access.

In addition to the delay, the reporters were questioned by a secretary concerning who they were, what they were looking for and "why." Of course, the act purports to make it possible for all citizens to learn and report fully the activities of their public officials, but for some unknown reason, the secretary had to make a quick call to the committee chairman.

The secretary was obviously not convinced they were only interested in investigating the Ethics records, because she took notes on conversations concerning the different legislators. Some files were empty, a fact which was discussed by the staffers.

Later in the afternoon, a Richland County legislator, whose name was mentioned in conversation, called one Osceola staff member to find out just "what you boys are looking for."

At any rate, we suggest that legislators who have somethingto report, should do so. In the meantime, we will assume that where nothing is reported, then there is nothing to report.

One other suggestion we might make is to put the "freedom" back in the information act.

## The evil weed

It had to happen. American technology was destined to be applied to the improvement of marijuana, that weed from the Devil's garden. Someday universities may award bachelor of science degrees in the cultivation and preparation of grass. But for now marijuana technology is just getting off the ground, pushed by Ed Rosenthal of The Bronx, N. Y. and sometimes South Carolina, where he has done secret field testing. Rosenthal has formed the Clearlight Company, makers of the Clearlight Growing System and other treats for potheads.

Rosenthal's motto is, "What would you give for a lifetime supply of pot? - All I ask is $85." A little exaggeration maybe, but the $85 pays for the smaller Clearlight eco-system for growing grass scientifically in your home or apartment. And if you don't have $85, Clearlight will send you free instructions on how to build your own closet marijuana greenhouse.

According to a mimeographed Clearlight flyer, "The Clearlight growing system is a scientifically designed frame unit for growing pot. It maximizes the major factors of growing grass, including light, soil, nutrients, humidity and temperature and approaches optimum conditions for indoor cultivation. The system is built for use in an apartment or house. It is engineered to utilize a limited space as efficiently as possible to achieve maximum yield. Rather than creating a seasonal (or cyclical) environment, with one harvest after the plants flower, the Clearlight growing system tends to keep female plants in the growth stage, allowing for continuous harvesting of leaves with limited flowering."

Rosenthal says that using his method of growing, the first smoke is picked in about six weeks and self-sufficiency is reached in about four months. More important, he says that depending on the seeds you use, the smoke is possibly better than any you have ever tasted. He asserts that grass is produced continuously as long as the system is maintained and he says maintenance requires about three hours per week.

The growing system comes with special pot soil, a blended mixture of loam, humus, vermiculite, perlite and sphagnum moss. Rosenthal says that the mix, with a PH of one, is just right for the marijuana plant. He also supplies four sizes of pot-growing frames, with heavy vinyl coverings, an adjustable flourescent fixture for the growing light, the lights themselves, special plastic pots for the weed, trays for the pots, an automatic light timer, a hand sprayer, organic fertilizer and instructions.

Rosenthal, a stoned former stockbroker, has made marijuana research his life work and has been working part-time at the post office to support himself. But after he decided he had found the perfect formula for growing hardy, resinous plants with extremely potent leaves, he quit his job. Now requests for the eco-system are mounting and Rosenthal is installing an average of one per day in the New York area alone.

And he's just begun selling a new pot product, known as "Clearlight Liquids." The red or blue liquids are solvents for dissolving organic resins and residual tars found in grass smoking pipes and dried grass itself. Both liquids work the same way though the red liquid is faster and dissolves plastic. It works like this:

1. You pour the liquid through an old caked-up hash-pipe or over a handful of grass. Make sure the dope is covered with the liquid and let it stand for ten to 15 minutes.
2. Drain off the liquid into a separate container.
3. Repeat the process twice, each time using fresh liquid.
4. Save all the drained-off liquid and pour it in a shallow dish or pan to dry. You can simmer it over a low flame to speed the process.
5. You will be left with a super-potent resin which can be cut with your mediocre stash or plain tobacco.

The Clearlight liquids, which are poisonous, if ingested, can be had at $2 for four ounces or $5 for a pint. A quart goes for $9.50.

Now that Rosenthal feels he knows most all there is to know about growing the Sinister Weed indoors, he says he wants to do research on what methods work best in the out of doors. Rosenthal has acquired some secret land for his experiments. But he is also asking other growers to send him samples of the soil they have used, noting the average amount of rainfall, sunlight, fertilization and the quality of the grass produced. He says he'll use his biological skills and experience to analyze the soil's composition and draw his conclusions.

In case you're interested in what Rosenthal has to offer, and the new pot-products he'll likely be coming out with, the address is: Clearlight Co., P. O. Box 77, Jerome Ave. Station, Bronx, N. Y. 10468.

## West blushes

Gov. John C. West recently lauded Republicans for courting black votes, but broke an otherwise serious discussion of politics into wild laughter when he said it was "great" to see Sammie Davis "goosing President Nixon" at the Republican National Convention.

West blushed and grinned after the comment evoked loud guffaws at the end of a news conference called to discuss progress on a businessmen's committee's recommendations for streamlining state government.

The dry discussion of the report soon turned to politics, and a black television reporter asked West, who has cast a "moderate" stance since getting elected governor in 1970 with heavy black support, to comment on efforts by Nixon to attract blacks.

"I think it's a great effort, a very laudable effort," he said. "When Sammie Davis can be shown on the front pages goosing President Nixon, I think it's great."

Press secretary Kelley Jones' jaw dropped, and he turned to laughing television crewmen whose machines had already stopped whirring. "Y'all didn't record that, did you?," he asked, laughing. By then West had also broken into a broad grin.

The reference was to a gala concert led by the entertainer, Davis, in Miami Beach to drum up support among new 18-year-old voters for Nixon's re-election.

Nixon appeared on the stage, and commented that his friend Davis couldn't be "bought" except by positive action to improve conditions in the country. At that point Davis came up behind Nixon and hugged him around the chest.

The picture appeared in daily newspapers across the country.

## WDIX

Do you long for the demented strains of an Alice Cooper melody? Do you miss waking up to a Heavy Keith Richards guitar riff on the radio set? Do you require a little Allman Brothers blues to help you smoke that joint?

Well forget it. There's no progressive rock radio station in Columbia. But with a little patience and a decent FM receiver, you can pick up on WDIX-FM, at 106.7 MH. in Orangeburg. WDIX-FM offers 94,000 watts of stereo rock power. Using a little experimentation with an antenna, you can get WDIX-FM loud and clear on your stereo receiver. WDIX-FM Program Director Bob McGee says there is now and then some interference from some non-commercial radio transmitters in the Columbia area, but he's trying to get the Federal Communications Commission to clamp down and end all that.

WDIX-FM is hardly the best or most dedicated progressive rock radio station you'll ever hear — there are far too many Top 40 crap discs in the music selection — but it's maybe 1000 per cent better than what's available at the moment in Columbia.

McGee says he's been on the air with progressive rock for eight months now and he's booked solid with commercials. When he joined the station last February, it was broadcasting "good music" and losing money, he says. McGee indicates that the change to progressive rock and good vibrations has showered WDIX-FM with profits.

The station is on the air from sunrise to midnight, but McGee says he's considering a 24-hour operation. Some of the nighttime hours on WDIX-FM will be taken up with live broadcasts of Gamecock football games.

McGee also says he will soon turn his attention from revamping WDIX-AM to "cleaning up" the FM programming. Hopefully that means he'll tone down some of the more raucous commericals on WDIX-FM and, most important, throw away the tasteless Top 40 records we are bombarded with on AM radio and don't need to hear on FM.

WDIX-FM, by the way, is one of those automated radio stations. There are no disc jockeys. It's like a stereo juke box with commercials.

A MAGAZINE FOR COLUMBIA & SOUTH CAROLINA
osceola

Senior Editors ..... Randal Ashley, Mike Forth, Dick Harpootlian, John Norton, Tom Priddy, Mike Smith and Jim Walser
Photography Editor ..... Charles Denton
Contributors ..... Jim Turner, Leslie Turner, Ed Meadows, Bill Robinson, Brad Stinson, Ken Snodgress, Jerry Griggs, Annette Furgeson, Marilyn Walser, Lewis Kirk Kevin McGrath and John Brady.
Graphics ..... Tom and Terry Dimond, Doug Sanders.
Advertising ..... Thomas Gear

Osceola is located in Suite 803 of the Columbia Building, at the corner of Gervais and Main Streets, Columbia, S.C. Our mailing address is P. O. Box 5033, Columbia, 29250.

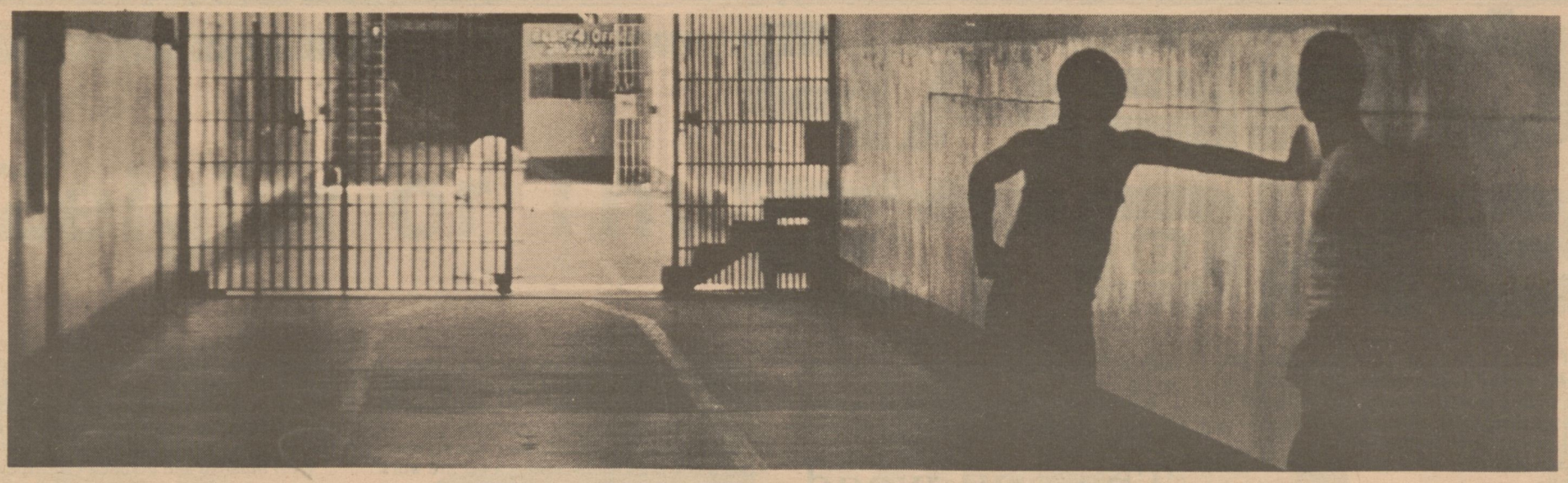
Subscription rate is $5 per year (26 issues). Subscription rate for students and military personnel is $4 per year.

For information concerning advertising and distribution, please call 254-7086 or 253-7816.

Local and national advertising rates available upon request.

Composition by Bruner Publishing Co., Lexington, S.C.

Copyright October, 1972 by Osceola. All rights reserved.



# ". . .So the inmates take up arms. All the inmates said most prisoners have weapons, ostensibly for defensive purposes ."

Continued from page one

Every inmate we talked to agreed with Bell's assertion that "there is no such thing" at CCI. According to Strickland, however, there are several rehabilitation programs now in operation for the inmates at CCI. These include an auto mechanic program, a welding school, a barber school, and scholastic programs.

Inmates point out that the welding and auto repair schools last only six months and can accomodate only about 20 people each. In addition, only inmates within nine to twelve months of release are eligible to participate in the programs. Since there are 1700 prisoners at CCI, most of whom are in for long terms, it's obvious that a lot of people simply don't get to participate.

Peter Them, an administrative aide for the Department of Corrections, explained that a man needs to be near release when he learns a trade so he can get out and put his newly-acquired skills to work immediately. "A man would forget all he knew if he has to wait, say, five years to put his skill into practice," Them said.

Ironically, there are some skills many of the inmates learn at CCI which they are allowed to practice every day during their stay at the Institute. While an inmate may be confined to the prison for a minor charge, he can be schooled in the finer points of assault, homosexual rape, extortion, armed robbery, and in a few cases, murder.

It is a problem that plauges prisons throughout the country. Warden Strickland calls CCI "a breeder of crime." He feels, it is a natural phenomenon when you house 1700 of our (South Carolina's) known criminals in close quarters, especially in a prison built to house only 1200."

David Saxner, a 24-year-old inmate serving a four-year sentence on drug charges, explained the inmates' view: "All the time in this prison you can constantly see how the administrators show no concern or passion for any of the residents. There are no precautions taken for the weaker person or for the person who may be a loner of any sort."

So the inmates take up arms. All the inmates said most prisoners have weapons, ostensibly for defensive purposes. "We can take it for granted," says inmate Bell, "that we can walk out of here and in five minutes be killed for no reason at all, for bumping into someone or something. The people here don't fight like you do on the streets. There's no fair play...seven out of ten times there's words the people run and grab their knives."

Homemade weapons seem to be readily available at CCI. According to Peter Them, ball point pens provide one of the most accessible knives. Strickland recalls an incident a few weeks ago where an inmate was cut with the rough edge of a sardine can.

During a tour of the prison recently, we saw a guard holding a blood-covered piece of glass which had just been used in a stabbing. The officer fled as soon as he learned reporters were in the area, but his casual manner until that time might illustrate how frequently these things happen inside CCI.Incredibly, many of the inmates said there are guns inside the prison, but Warden Strickland said that other than homemade "zip -guns" no firearms had been found. Strickland said, "This is merely a rumor. There are always rumors about guns being inside the prison."

One inmate insisted that Strickland is wrong. "There are .38's and .32's coming in, " he said. "From the information I have received, high officials are bringing them in. By high officials, I mean from the assistant supervisor on up."

According to this same man, the guns are being well paid for and are going to white inmates. He believes the guns are only to be used for self-protection in the case of some sort of racial disturbance, an opinion which illuminates another problem of daily life at CCI.

Inmate Leonard Hamilton says racial problems at CCI stem from "The racist job assignment policies of the administration." Hamilton contends that the all-white inmate maintenance crew at CCI—he calls them "the goon squad"—have access to potential weapons (the screwdrivers and other tools they carry in their utility belts), and that these white "armed men" continually assert their authority throughout the prison. "What you have," Hamilton says, "is white policemen in a black neighborhood."

Furthermove, Hamilton asserts that the all-black trash disposal crew is more evidence of "racist" policies. The trash detail, known as "Black Bottom" is responsible for scrubbing floors, washing walls, and other unskilled work.

Continued on page five


**ACLU is looking for people who want to change things.**

*Things like a social system based on racial and sexual inequality. A penal system based on retribution rather than rehabilitation. And an educational system based on students being seen but not heard.*

*The American Civil Liberties Union has been working to change these things for 52 years. Because there is one thing we don't want changed. The Freedom of the American citizen under the Bill of Rights.*

**You can help change things. Join the ACLU today.**

Sponsoring Member _$100-$500 and up
Cooperating Member _____$50
Sustaining Member _____$25
Supporting Member _____$15
Basic Mr./Mrs. Membership ____$15
Basic Membership _____$10

*Special memberships are available as follows:*

Student $6 Limited Income $6 Life Membership $1,000

Mr./Mrs.
Mrs.
Miss

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Name _____

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

*ACLU of South Carolina*
*2016½ Green St.*
*Columbia, S.C. 29205*



**New & Used Furniture**

**At Prices To Fit the Student Budget**

From One Chair To A House Full

**Used Stoves, Refrigerators**
**GAURANTEED**

**CREDIT TERMS**

R. E. HENDRIX FURNITURE CO.

1327 ASSEMBLY ST. PHONE AL. 31202

COLUMBIA, S. C.

# ". . . Each race uses a different door . . ."

Continued from page four

Strickland contends that the men are assigned jobs on the basis of the skills they have when they come through the front gate.

It was one of the crew members who was involved in an altercation which occurred in the mess hall a few weeks ago. David Saxner explained; "There were 25 men beating one man with tables, chairs and fists. All the time a whole platoon of guards just stood there, afraid in intervene. The guy just had to stop it himself."

According to Strickland the security officers in the mess hall broke up the fight as soon as it started. Strickland said 25 black inmates jumped one of the maintenance crew as the result of an argument which had taken place earlier that day.

Although Strickland is quick to defend the actions of his personnel he admits that the quality of the average guard is far below that which is needed. The average starting salary for a guard at CCI is $5500 a year. The guards are given no psychological testing. They take a standard intelligence test and a general police check is run on them before they are hired. The average education level of the guards is a high school diploma and most of them are military veterans. Training programs for the security officers, according to a Department of Corrections official are inadequate. inadequate.

Frankie Odum, president of the CCI Jaycees, commented on the quality of the guards: "I think basically the guards are split, especially with their pay, etc. You've got some who are good individuals and you've got some who shouldn't be here. Well, actually they should be in here...but with a number on them. But for $5000 a year you can't get too good a hack."

The line between the guards and the guarded is rigid. There are few substantiated reports of guards beating inmates. Reports of inmates attacking guards are even less requent. It seems that the vast majority of violence in prison is committed by one inmate on another.

Social groups at CCI are divided along racial lines as well. Blacks constitute more than two-thirds of CCI's population. The most blatant manifestation of this seperatism can be seen in the dining hall at any meal. The white inmates sit in one section while the blacks eat at their own seperate tables. Each race uses a different door and stands in a different line to get their food. Whites in the black section are called "nigger lovers."

Many of the inmates interviewed belives that the administration at least tacitly supports this self-imposed division. According to these same inmates it is this racism which keeps the prisoners from forming any sort of coalition to deal with their common problems.

It was probably this lack of unity which allowed the prison administration to easily quell the 1968 rebellion at CCI. Peter Them says only 2% of the prison population participated in the '68 takeover.

Inmates we talked with say the time is ripe for a recurance of the events of 1968. Robert Walker, a 45-year-old inmate who was there during the riot, anticipates more trouble any day. According to Walker, "not one of the conditions which precipitated the riot then has been alleviated today. The working conditions are bad, the pay is low (the average inmate receives approximately 5 per month), the food was even better than it is now, and that was a big gripe; and the prices in the canteen were too high."

Walker says the prices in the canteen have recently surpassed the levels they reached before the takeover in '68.

Inmates receive amounts ranging from as little as $3.00 to a maximum of $22 a month for work they do in the various prison inductries. Included among the prisons' industries are the license tag plant, a furniture upholstery shop and a book bindery which rebinds public school books. We were told by Peter Them that all the inmates are not working, due to a shortage of jobs. Many inmates indicated that they prefer having a job for parole purposes, but more importantly to give them some pocket money.

We checked the prices in the canteen to see if they were as exborbitant as Mr. Walker had indicated they were. The prices were no higher than those at any of the stores in Columbia. Cigarettes were 33¢ a pack, for instance. The problem the inmates have with the canteen prices is that their income no where approaches that of anyone on the outside. For an inmate who receives only $3 a month in wages and has no ther source of income, that amounts to 10 packs of cigarettes without allowing any money for other items. Even for the inmate who makes the maximum wage of $22 a month, if he smokes 2 packs of cigarettes a day, almost half his check will go up in smoke.

Robert Walker said, "Out of the thousands of dollars appropriated by the legislature for different sections of this institution, why should an inmate have to pay for a set of eyeglasses or false teeth. You're not going

Continued on page six

ESTABLISHED FOR THE PURPOSE OF PROMOTING A MORE ENJOYABLE CAMPUS LIFE. . .

PIZZA — BEER ATMOSPHERE

WE WELCOME YOUR PATRONAGE PROVIDED YOUR CONDUCT ON, AT, OR NEAR THE CLUB DOES NOT OFFEND THE MANAGEMENT, MEMBERS OR YOUR FELLOW CITIZENS.

Campus Club South

900 MAIN STREET

GOLDEN OAK
PAY CASH & SAVE OR EASY TERMS

SALE — At Student Rates
★ Water Beds
★ Roll-a-ways
★ furniture

or

RENT
★ Refrigerators
(Dormatory or larger size)
★ furniture

1725 Taylor St. - Phone 254-5275
Columbia, S. C. 29201

# "Usually if a guy gets raped', one inmate said, 'he's asking for it. He's usually weak and not going to do anything . . ."

Continued from page five

the Wayfarer
COLUMBIA'S GUIDE TO QUALITY LIVING

Mr. Businessman
Metropolitan Columbia Area
South Carolina

Dear Mr. Businessman

The WAYFARER reaches a select group of over 6,000 people each and every week, and will reach 10,000 people a week during football season. This group spends money on quality food, entertainment, clothing, luxury items, and recreation. If your business concerns any of these products and services, you should be advertising in The WAYFARER, the most effective means in Columbia of reaching this specific group of people. For further information, call 794-8061.

Sincerely,

The WAYFARER
"Quality Advertising for Quality Products"

to get them if you don't have the money. Your personal hygeine is a problem here too because the state furnishes nothing, not even a washcloth. You have to buy it or have your family send it to you or you don't get it."

The inmates said they wanted a more equitable system of compenstation for their work. Warden Strickland countered. "The majority of inmates prefer the present system of handling their own money." Peter Them says this system teaches them a sense of responsibility.

It seems, however, that in many cases this system spawns greed rather than responsibility. The man who is drawing $5 a month naturally feels slighted when he compares his monthly fare with that of another inmate who pulls down $22 for the same month. The result is widespread gambling and theft. Extortion is a common. Moreover, the man with the money is more likely to be able to afford favors or special privileges. He is also often able to loan money and extort his customer.

YOU CAN REALLY LIVE IN A McFADDIN PARKER

CUSTOM WATERBED!

Arcade Mall
1332 Main/Columbia

Many complaints we heard concerned the mess hall. Peter Them described conditions there as "no worse or better than your average hotel dining area." The cooking and eating areas were generally clean and well kept. According to a weekly menu supplied by Warden Strickland, the inmates receives three meals a day. The prisoners are served what appears to be a well-balanced diet of meat and vegetables. Although the diet looked adequate to us, the inmates we talked to referred to the food as "slop." Warden Strickland said, though, "some of these men wouldn't be satisfied if we fed them steak three times a day."

Them explained the criticism of the food was like students as the University of South Carolina complaining about Slater food or "Johnny Carson complaining about the food in the NBC commissary."

Unfortunately for the inmates, however, is the fact that they don't have any options about where they're going to eat. When we told an inmate we were generally pleased with the appearance of the mess hall, he asked, "Have you ever eaten in the mess hall?" We told him we hadn't and he said, "Then don't tell me the conditions there aren't that bad."

Another major sore spot with the inmates appears to be the hospital at CCI. "The hospital is filthy," one inmate told us. Robert Walker explained, "They have no intensitive care unit down there and yet they are constantly operating on people. It's unbelievable to someone who knows what a hospital is supposed to be like. You have got only one doctor down there who gives a hoot and a damn for an inmate to start with. And he's worked to death. He sees anywhere from 50 to 75 patients a day."

David Saxner attributes the death of one of the prisoners last year to the inadequacy of the medical facilities. "It happened on a weekend and during the period from Friday at 3 pm until Monday at 7 am there are no qualified medical personnel to handle emeregencies. In this case, as in many others, all kinds of channels had to be opened up for a doctor to get in here. He has to be called at home and if he's not there, all kinds of delays might keep him from coming. If this man had been attended to immediately,if there had been some kind of doctor competent enough to mend the wound, then this man might have lived," Saxner said.

Warden Strickland contends that "many of the men who are on sick call aren't really sick at all. Many just want to get out of working or have a minor problem like a headache."

Sexual frustration is still another in the long list of grievances of the confined. Warden Strickland, who favors some system of conjugal visiting, admits that present facilities would prohibit such a program. Homosexuality seems to be rampant within the institution. We were told by inmates that most sexual assaults are on the "weaker" prisoners.

"Usually if a guy gets raped," one inmate said, "he's asking for it. He's usually weak and they know if they do rape him he's not going to do anything about it."

Continued on page seven

## Get Rich Quick?

## Just maybe

Osceola has openings in several business areas which could lead to unlimited profit on a full or part-time basis.

1. We need ad sales persons immediately to help our ad man. Those selling will be paid on a commission basis. Please call Tom Gear at 254-7086 if you're interested.

2. We need street hawkers to sell our product in Columbia and other cities. Please call 254-7086 or 253-7816.

3. We need sales persons to sell subscriptions on a commission basis. We'll pay real good. Please contact Jim Walser at 254-7086 or 253-7816.

# ". . . Many of the inmates feel that rights of due process and equal protection should follow an inmate all the way. . ."

Continued from page six

Although virtually every inmate interviewed said he witnessed sexual assaults on a daily basis, Strickland claims few are reported. Strickland attributes this to the code of conduct the prisoner's live by. "An informer's life within CCI," one inmate said, "isn't worth a damn." Strickland agrees: "We couldn't adequately protect such a man from the inmates. As it stands now, it would be to the inmates' disadvantage to report such an incident."

Not all the homosexual activity at CCI is of a violent nature. According to several inmates, male prostitutes are prevelant within CCI, with "extra spending money" serving as one of the motivating factors. "It's just like a whore on the street, "commented an inmate. "They get anywhere from fifty cents for the sloppy ones on up to two or three dollars for the good ones. Guys need the money. You've got to eat and they're going to smoke, and they need more money than they're getting now."

Near the top in terms of priorities on the inmates' list of grievances is the parole board. They believe the board denies parole "for no good reason whatsoever." One inmate described the Board as paternalistic. "To begin with they don't treat you like a human being...and if so...like a little child.

"They asked me why I deserved parole," a prisoner added. "I said because I am a product of your rehabilitation. Most people come to the parole board in a state of despair. You're up against unpredictable animal. He's liable to run in any direction. Some people who never felt they had a chance for parole made it while people with perfect records were denied their request. Maybe its just the mood the Man is in on the day he's here."

Many of the inmates felt strongly that rights of due process and equal protection should follow an inmate all the way from sentencing to parole board hearings. One of the major inequities associated with the Board, according to some inmates, is their failure to use time spent on Death Row in computing when a man will become eligible for parole. Leonard, who spent six years on Death Row said, "This is the worse time a man can spend in prison. Sometimes I broke the rules so I would get sent to the Hole just to get away from Death Row.

It appears that many times there is virtually no way to determine the Parole Board's rationale behind their decisions. One parole officer who conducts pre-release investigations for the Board says that "sometimes they can just look at a guy and tell what kind of man he is."

Bobby Rice, an inmate serving a lengthy term for armed robbery, described the dilemma of one of his friends. "The man has been here for twenty years and two months for a murder he committed when he was fifteen. He went up for parole in 1966, 68, 70 and 72. Each time they said thank you, we'll see what we can do for you. This is cruel and arbitrary.

After 20 years this is what they tell him! What makes it so bad is the fact that this guy works on the outside at the Statehouse. He goes out five days a week from 8 until 2:30 and yet they refuse to release him into society. He applied for work release and was told he couldn't qualify because he had been denied parole four times."

What we heard from guards, inmates and administrators indicates all their fears are well-founded. Even if the situation is better in relative terms than it has ever been before, to many people at CCI it couldn't be worse. Though we heard many conflicting stories it is hard to believe that both sides would lie so consistently. What it boils down to is a difference in perception of what happens at CCI. The guards and the guarded have different perspectives.

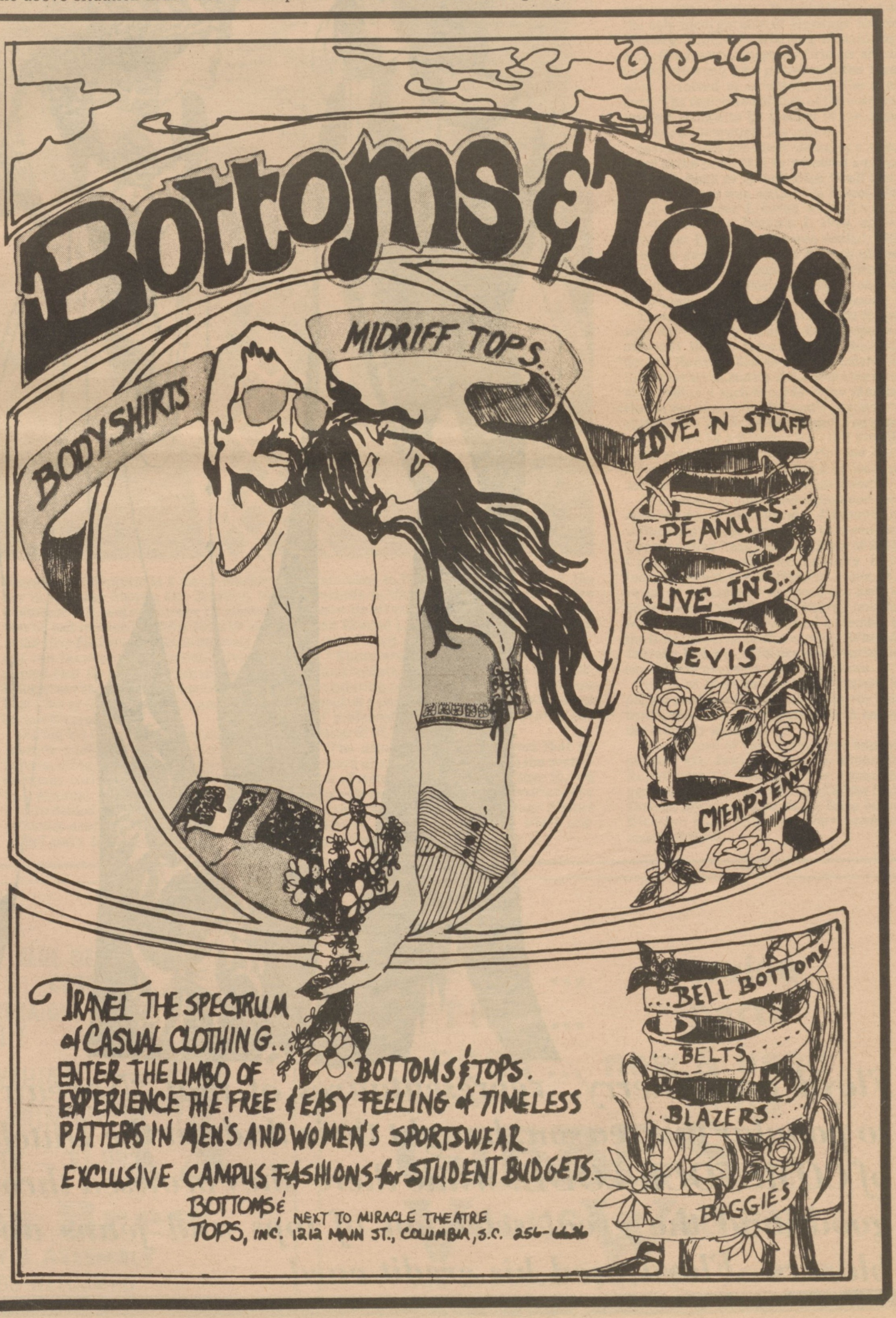
When asked about the conditions in Building One, an inmate told us he was appalled by the garbage which covers the floors much of the time. An administrative offical explained to us us: "Inmates are just generelly messy people. The inmates blame the mess in Building One on the administration.

The above situation illustrates the difference in perceptions of the inmates and the administration. The inmates feel they are intentionally made to live in squalor while the administration feel the squalor is of the inmates' own making. One long time observer of the state's penal institutions said "The real villain is the people of the state. It is they who allow Building One to go on being used as housing for inmates." Perhaps this is a valid argument but all indications are that even if the Department of Corrections were able to move the inmates into new facilities tomorrow the bulk of the problems they now face would still exist. This difference in vantage points and the failure of each group to effectively communicate his views to the other plays a large part in the troubles of CCI.

An outbreak of prison violence could occur any day at CCI. When the inmates feel things couldn't get any worse, the atmosphere of the institution will become volitale and any minor incident could spark a riot.

Every inmate we interviewed told us CCI was not a rehabilitative institution. In the absence of rehabilitation all that can be hoped for is that the thought of returning to this miserable place will act as a deterrent to a man once he is released.

Meanwhile, life goes on at the Central Correctional Institute.



# comstock lode

*Floyd and Sherry, representatives of that "Noveau Milhous Look" so popular this season, bought their duds at the Dutch Square location of COMSTOCK LODE. While there they browsed through the leather goods and the great selection of tops and jeans and trousers and blazers. Floyd used his credit card.*

# Jenrette: what is the truth?

For months, Sixth District Democratic congressional nominee John W. Jenrette Jr. has been dodging charges that he was somehow involved in an unethical if not illegal land transaction involving the State of South Carolina, the East Cherry Grove Realty Company, and a North Myrtle Beach corporation known as Heritage Shores Limited.

Osceola has obtained certain documents indicating that while Jenrette may not have done anything illegal, both he and State Attorney General Dan McLeod have misinformed the press and public concerning Jenrette's involvement in Heritage Shores, Ltd.

To briefly summarize the background leading up to the current "controversy": In 1969, the East Cherry Grove Realty Company and the State of South Carolina went to court to settle a question of ownership involving tidelands located in the East Cherry Grove Beach section of North Myrtle Beach. The realty company claimed it held rights to the land through a King's charter dating back several hundred years. At the time the case went to court, Jenrette was serving as a state representative from Horry County and resided in North Myrtle Beach. The first court to hear the case decided in favor of the realty company. The State appealed. Before the appeals court could hear the case, the State made a settlement with the realty company, agreeing to deed to the realty company a certain section of the tidelands property in return for undisputed rights to the remaining tide and creeklands.

According to a quit-claim deed filed on December 22, 1969, the State deeded the property to East Cherry Grove Realty for the sum of $1.00 The deed allows the realty company "the right to excavate a two hundred foot wide channel . . . provided the spoil is deposited above the agreed mean high water mark." The deed also stipulates that the realty company "may perform maintenance dredging in the proposed channels and canals, and in the existing channels and canels, provided, however, that a permit must first be obtained from the State of South Carolina." The deed gives the property above the mean high water mark to East Cherry Grove Realty and the State retains the land below the high water mark, and provides that the realty company may build a bridge at one of two locations and close certain channels. Additionally, the deed contains a promise that the State "agrees not to grant commercial fishing rights, or other commercial rights, to the area deeded to the State of South Carolina."

On December 31, 1969, nine days after the State deeded the land to East Cherry Grove Realty for $1.00, the realty company sold a portion of the land to Heritage Shores, Ltd. for $120,000.00. The land is currently being developed as a leisure resort community. Jenrette's critics have claimed that he used his influence to get the State to make the settlement with East Cherry Grove Realty. These same critics have

charged that Jenrette is a major stockholder in Heritage Shores, Ltd. Jenrette, in a statement released on October 17, admitted that he had received a minor piece of stock in the firm for his services as attorney during the incorporation procedures, but denied that he had used his influence to bring about the land exchange between the East Cherry Grove Realty Co. and the State of South Carolina.

During his October 17 press conference, Jenrette produced letters from an attorney representing East Cherry Grove Realty Company during the land dispute, and from S.C. Attorney General Dan McLeod. Both letters denied Jenrette's involvement in or influence over the $1.00 land exchange.

McLeod's letter stated in part: "With reference to Heritage Shores Limited, the records in the secretary of state's office show its officers to be John W. Jenrette Jr. and Elwood L. Hardwick, Box 362, Ocean Drive Beach.

"There are no records concerning the stockholders. The capital stock is $100,000, consisting of 50,000 shares of common stock at a par value of $1, and 50,000 shares of preferred, non-voting stock with a par value of $1."

The attorney general claims that no record of stockholders exists in the secretary of state's office. Yet on October 20, two Osceola reporters obtained a certified copy of the annual report of Heritage Shores Limited, filed on April 2, 1972, which contains the following information:

"NAME AND PERCENTAGE OF STOCK HELD:

John P. Moore, Nichols, S.C. — 54.55%

John W. Jenrette Jr., Ocean Drive Beach, S.C. — 36.36%

Elwood C. Hardwick, Ocean Drive Beach, S.C. — 9.09%

Elwood C. Hardwick is Jenrette's private secretary. Together they own over 45% of the corporation, an amount Jenrette refers to as "minor." Jenrette claims the stock was given to him as payment for incorporating Heritage Shores, Limited. While $36,360 worth of stock is certainly a handsome fee, the incorporation papers on file in the secretary of state's office do not show Jenrette as the attorney who processed the firm's incorporation papers. Jenrette is shown as the sole incorporator of Heritage Shores Limited. Albert E. Wheless, an attorney associated with Jenrette's firm, is shown as the attorney who performed the legal work involved in incorporating the company. The registered offices of the corporation are shown to be located at the same address as Jenrette's law office.

Several facts are clear. Jenrette's statement to the press that he received a minor share of stock in lieu of a fee "well after the court case was settled" is inaccurate. Heritage Shores Limited was officially incorporated on January 2, 1970, eleven days after the court case was settled, with Jenrette and his secretary holding almost half the stock in the company. Jenrette was not simply an attorney earning a fee, but an original incorporator of the company.

The editors of Osceola can offer no reason why Attorney General McLeod reported officially that no records of the stockholders in Heritage Shores Limited existed in the secretary of state's office when we were able to obtain such records in ten minutes the same morning McLeod's statement appeared in The State newspaper. The story was written by a reporter who had already been provided the information we have listed above. Yet he chose to accept McLeod's statement without question.

Of course, the information provided here does not prove that Jenrette did exert any influence over the settlement between East Cherry Grove Realty and the State of South Carolina. Newspaper reports have indicated that the settlement came as a result of requests by the governor and the State Budget and Control Board. Jenrette was a member of the General Assembly at the time the settlement was made. Whether Jenrette had any influence and whether he used it will probably never be known.

But if, as Jenrette steadfastly claims, he did not use his influence, then why the half-truths and false statements by both he and the attorney general?

The editors of this newspaper support neither Mr. Jenrette nor his opponent, Republican Ed Young, in the upcoming general election. But the voters of the Sixth District are entitled to all the facts before Election Day. Thus far, they have not received them.

LEVI'S
BLUE DENIM OR CORDUROY
STRAIGHT LEG OR BELL
LOW CUT BELLS, KNIT TOPS, OR MOST ANYTHING.
NEW SHIPMENT OF PRINTED TANK TOPS, T-SHIRTS – $1.99.

Britches Brew
CORNER LADY & ASSEMBLY
CHARGE CARDS WELCOMED

FOR ... service
THE ... parts
BEST ... new & used cars
COME TO
GIBBES
VOLKSWAGEN
THE COLISEUM IS ACROSS FROM US
cars since 1909; VOLKSWAGEN since 1955...

"IT'S HEADED TOWARD THE SAME MISTAKES THAT THE BIG CITIES HAVE MADE, BUT IT HASN'T ARRIVED THERE YET."

# COLUMBIA, S.C. A SOUTHERN CENTER WHERE THERE STILL MAY BE TIME

BY JOHN EGERTON

*In its Summer edition, City Magazine, a national magazine concentrating on urban affairs, published the following story by John Egerton, a Nashville-based free-lance writer. It is reprinted here because of its timeliness in regard to city-county government merger in Richland County.*

Public opinion analyst Louis Harris told the South Carolina legislature in February that the South is 20 years behind the rest of the nation in industrial development, but said the lag may be a "godsend" because of the opportunity it affords the region to avoid mistakes that have led to environmental deterioration in other areas.

J. Bonner Manly, director of the South Carolina State Development Board, responded to the Harris assertion by saying that "With proper planning we can grow without creating the problem of the 'Monster Metropolis' such as Atlanta, Detroit, Chicago, or New York."

Admonitions to the cities of the South to avoid the mistakes that have been made in the industrial states and urban metropolises of the North have become commonplace in recent years. The South, it has been said repeatedly, is an underdeveloped region, but its tardy growth can be used to good advantage if wise planning can prevent the repetition of such problems as urban decay, racial warfare, suburban sprawl, and environmental pollution.

It can be argued that the region's largest cities — Houston, Dallas, New Orleans, Atlanta, Miami — already have lost whatever opportunities they may have had to take a different course, and in many respects now bear a sobering resemblance to the troubled urban giants of the North and West.

But what about the smaller cities? What about Little Rock and Jackson, Montgomery and Nashville, Tampa and Charleston, Charlotte and Norfolk? Can they make city life livable, or are they destined in due time to take on the same afflictions as their big-sister cities? Are the afflictions, in fact, congenital and therefore unavoidable?

Take Columbia, S. C. The legislature of 1785 voted to move the state capitol from Charleston to a new town in the geographic center of the state, and Columbia thus became one of the first planned cities in the nation. A four-square-mile area of plantation land was laid out in city blocks divided by broad streets 100 to 150 feet wide, and a spacious site near the center was designated for the capitol. That is downtown Columbia today, and it was in the statehouse there that the 1972 legislature heard Louis Harris and J. Bonner Manly talk about the 20-year lag and the Monster Metropolis.

Columbia is not a Monster Metropolis; it is a metropolitan center of almost 250,000 people, an urban community covering 175 square miles in two counties. It is a thriving, hustling, promising city, and it is also a troubled one, faced with problems it lacks the skill — or the will — to resolve.

The promise predominates now: Columbia is not a city racked with crisis, and the prevailing mood there is optimistic. But its problems are the familiar ones that plague many cities, and while there are Columbians who feel a sense of urgency about facing them while they are still manageable, most people do not seem to share that view.

Columbia's assets are enough to encourage complacency. It is a pretty city, even in most of its downtown areas. The University of South Carolina is there, along with the state government complex and some ancient and impressive historic structures, all tree-shaded and flower-graced. Downtown Columbia is still a convenient and accessible place to shop, and it is easy to imagine living there comfortably.

By almost every economic and statistical index, metropolitan Columbia measures healthy. Population, personal income, industrial payrolls, retail sales, and new construction all registered big gains in the past decade, and the recession has hardly slowed the pace at all. The city has a diversified economy which includes several large industrial and manufacturing firms and a U.S. Army base (Fort Jackson) as well as its government and higher education employers. It has a moderate climate, a relatively low crime rate, tolerable traffic conditions, an unemployment rate below the national average, some friendly and hospitable people, enough churches and synagogues to meet the demand, reasonably efficient local government, adequate cultural and recreational facilities, decent health service, a good water supply, and telephones that work.

And then there is the other side: In 1970, the Central Midlands Regional Planning Council published an analysis of the social, economic, and physical environment of the Columbia urban area. Dividing the area into 122 "neighborhoods," the council measured each one against a set of "blight indexes": family income, welfare cases, arrests, tuberculosis cases, venereal disease cases, substandard or dilapidated or deteriorating housing, an incompatible mixture of land uses, fire calls, water and sewer systems, and unpaved streets.

Thirty-two of the neighborhoods were predominantly nonresidential. Of the remaining 90, 23 showed a serious degree of blight in six or more of the 12 indexes. And in all but two of the 23 seriously blighted neighborhoods, blacks made up at least two-thirds of the populations. In fact, of the 25 neighborhoods having majority black populations, only four showed relatively low degrees of blight.

The planning council noted in its study that family income was the most direct index of the overall quality of a neighborhood's environment because all of the other "blight factors" were related to it. None of the majority black areas showed a predominant family income of more than $8500 a year, and in 13 of the 25 neighborhoods, most of the families earned less than $3,600 a year.

Poverty, discrimination, and all of the attendant social and environmental problems are brought into sharp focus by the planning council study. Columbia does not project an image of blatant white supremacy the way it once did, but it still lives with the consequences of that idealogy, and it has made few significant strides away from it. Most of its poor are black, most of its housing is segregated, and most of its unpaved streets, its substandard housing, its health problems, its arrests, and its welfare cases are in the segregated areas where blacks live.

In February, the city faced the threat of a black boycott of downtown businesses in protest against discrimination in hiring. It also is experiencing an accelerating flight of whites to the surrounding suburbs, a fact that is disguised in the official population figures. Columbia showed an increase of 16,000 people — from 97,000 to 113,000 — between 1960 and 1970, but annexation

ore than accounted for the growth. In e geographic area on which the 1960 nsus was based, population actually clined by more than 12,000.

In the public school system that compasses Columbia and some areas tside the city, black enrollment has reased from 37 percent to 53 percent the past five years as desegregation s been followed by a white exodus to ivate schools or to suburban school stricts. Blacks make up roughly a ird of Columbia's population, and out the same proportion of Richland unty as a whole. In Lexington County, rt of which is included in the Colum metropolitan area, the black popula n is only 13 percent.

However much racial issues pre minate in metropolitan Columbia's of problems, they are by no means only serious concern. Zoning, taxa n, public transportation, streets and hways, parking, pollution, drainage d sewers also beg for attention. While provements are being made in most hese areas, the pace of change is eas outstripped by the demand for it. And in most cities, programs of freeway nstruction, urban renewal, and public using in Columbia have been a mixed ssing at best, a disruptive and divi e influence at worst.

And almost all of these problems, luding the racial ones, have been acerbated by one overriding diffi ty: the fragmentary, duplicative, and nfusing state of local government ganization.

There is, to begin with, the city of umbia, which has a mayor, a mana , and a council. Then there is the hland County Council. Then there the incorporated municipalities of est Acres and Arcadia Lakes, the lat covering a square mile of suburban d. Then there is Fort Jackson. All of t is in Richland County. Just across Congaree River, half a mile west of statehouse, is Lexington County — t of the Columbia urban area— and exington are the incorporated towns West Columbia, Cayce, and Spring e. In addition to all this, there are r public school districts, in the urban a — two in each county — and a con ing and seemingly endless overlap of lic service: fire departments, police artments, water systems, zoning ulations, drainage districts, taxing horities, garbage collection, street ts, road maintenance. Finally, much er over local government is exer ed by state legislators from the two unties. Richland County's four ators and 10 representatives (all mocrats) and Lexington County's aller delegation not only are central he local lawmaking and administra processes, they also are de facto efs of the political machinery.

study team in Columbia has been mining the legal ramifications of al government merger in Richland nty, but school consolidation — haps the most crucial need — is not n being considered. And even if an itable and comprehensive merger n were to materialize, it still would imited to Richland County, leaving Lexington County urban area unaf ed. In short, urban consolidation is even in the cards now — and that ans it may never be, because the com cities of such a merger will multiply he city grows.

n some issues, intergovernment peration has been successful. There modern airport facility in Lexington nty serving the entire metropolitan a, and a comprehensive plan for the tion of interstate highway routes urban freeways has moved into the elopment stage. But these are the eptions. The controversial issues — lic housing, zoning, schools, police tection — show little promise of com nensive resolution. Natural competi ness and a reluctance to change iliar patterns are partial explana s for this, but the most serious obsta cles have to do with race and class, and in these respects Columbia seems to be on its way to a repetition of the mistakes that have plunged many Northern cities into crisis.

Columbia's two daily newspapers, the State and the Columbia Record, are uncompromising foes of busing as a means of reducing racial isolation in the city's public schools, and the idea of merging these schools with one or all of the suburban districts in the metropolitan area is anathema to them. Yet the three suburban districts are rapidly becoming larger and whiter (they have a total of 22,000 students, 85 percent of them white, this year), and a continuation of these trends could ultimately make the Columbia schools — and to a lesser extent, the city itself — predominantly black. What Washington is, Columbia is becoming.

And if the gap between Columbia and its Richland County suburbs is widening, the same is also true where Lexington County is concerned. White leaders of the Richland side of the river manifest a tendency to view Lexington as "the other side of the tracks" less progressive and less enlightened — an attitude that causes resentment and further impedes cooperation. "The big money is over here," a Columbia political leader observed, "and money is power."

Conversations around town with some official and unofficial wielders of power suggest a sort of consensus about which people and institutions are influential — and which are not. The Democratic Party, for example, emerges as a well-entrenched machine, and its reputation seems to be rather sound — "efficient and progressive, but not cynical," as one observer put it. It is also the black community's principal access to power. Two members of the Richland legislative delegation are black — elected as part of a "home team" ticket — and the new county chairman of the Democratic Party is a black leader, the Rev. C. J Whittaker. Neither the Republican Party nor the all-black United Citizens Party has been able to generate a serious threat to Democratic control, but both are there, and their potential for growth is evident.

After party politics — perhaps even before it — is the business community. The Greater Columbia Chamber of Commerce, the merchants, the industrial executives, the "old money" are collectively a locus power. The chamber (whose current president, Charles H. Wickenberg Jr., is also a public affairs editor of the State) has been more active in efforts to end job discrimination downtown than chambers of commerce customarily are, and its desegregated staff is progressive enough to arouse disfavor among some business leaders in the membership.

Interestingly — and perhaps not surprisingly — Columbia's religious and academic communities have not provided much leadership on social issues and urban problems. The University of South Carolina has expanded its campus in recent years through eminent domain and urban renewal, wiping out some rundown housing in the process, and two of the city's public schools are now completely surrounded by university property. But if the university's expertise has been marshaled against the city's housing and education problems, the evidence is not visible. Two black institutions, Allen University and Benedict College, also are situated in Columbia, but their involvement in public issues apparently is not much greater than the state university's.

As for the churches and synagogues, they are present in large numbers, but seldom mentioned as influential institutions in the search for solutions to social problems.

In an indirect way, a religious institution is instrumental in one particularly interesting local development, however. The United Presbyterian Church's South Carolina-Georgia synod and its board of national missions have turned over 1,000 acres of church-owned land northwest of Columbia to a non-profit development corporation for the construction of a new town. To be called Harbison, the town will be a comprehensive community after the fashion of Columbia, Md., and Reston, Va. Construction is expected to begin next year, after five years of planning. The entire project, when completed, is intended to provide housing, employment, and all the necessary supportive services for 21,000 people. It eventually will cover some 1,740 acres and involve a total investment of $200 million in private and federal funds.

Harbison is being planned as a racially and economically integrated development. It has received strong support from public and private agencies locally, as well as from the United Presbyterian Church and the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development. Fred Johnson, a black mortgage banker from Atlanta, is the corporation's executive director, and Allen Eaton, a black attorney from Washington, is the project director. The chief planner, Jeff Samet, is white.

A Chamber of Commerce-initiated master plan for the long-range redevelopment of the downtown area of Columbia is especially noteworthy. Two Columbia-based planning agencies with involvement nationwide — Wilbur Smith and Associates and Lyles, Bissett, Carlisle & Wolff — joined with an international firm, Doxiadis Associates, to produce the master plan. Their final report, now called the Doxiadis Study, is a comprehensive blueprint for a 30-year reconstruction of approximately the same area that made up the original town in the 18th century. Building on the existing base of governmental, commerical, educational, and historic structures, the plan blends restoration with new construction and includes such features as housing alongthe riverfront, a multilevel mall on Main Street, a transportation center, hotel and office expansion, civic and cultural buildings, parks, and light industry.

The Doxiadis Study is not without its critics. As the suburban areas flourish, adding new subdivisions and shopping centers, and as commercial development increases in Lexington County across the river, downtown Columbia's commercial position worsens. Some entrepreneurs are opposed to energizing the downtown area, preferring instead to wheel and deal on the suburban frontier. And again, race and class enter the picture: Blacks and the poor of both races are a part of what downtown is, and they will be a part of what it becomes. There are still many whites who cling to the hope that the suburbs will offer a permanent escape.

The Doxiadis Study was completed more than two years ago, and the initial enthusiasm it generated seems to be waning. Implementation of its recommendations is not proceeding very rapidly, and the community of late has been preoccupied with more mundane matters, such as a legislative fight over liquor by the drink, now prohibited by the state constitution. The most noticeable activity on the downtown development front currently centers around a maverick millionaire named Michael J. Mungo, who made his fortune developing suburban residential land and now is buying up parcels of downtown property. Mungo says it is his "civic duty" to help prevent the central city from becoming "a ghost town," and he talks of building town houses and high-rise condominiums to "bring the people back."

The most recent and encouraging development affecting both racial and economic issues in Columbia was the announcement in early March of a voluntary equal employment plan for the city. The biracial Community Relations Council, an affiliate division of the Chamber of Commerce, will direct a program, beginning this spring, to increase black representation at all levels of employment to about 35 percent by 1975. The plan has been endorsed by the Columbia and Richland County councils, the Chamber of Commerce, the NAACP, the Urban League, the Downtown Businessmen's Association, and other local groups. It calls for retraining and upgrading presently employed persons, as well as the expansion of opportunities for new employees. One goal of the plan is to raise the percentage of blacks in all types and levels of employment from the current estimated level of about 15 percent overall to about 20 percent next year and an additional 5 percent each year until 1975. Also included in the plan are pledges to open up business opportunities for black entrepreneurs in shopping centers and in the downtown area, provisions for management training and job-placement services, and a twice-a-year monitoring of progress by the Community Relations Service.

Chamber president Charles Wickenberg, at a press conference announcing the plan and its many endorsements, said it was "not a businessman's plan or black plan, but a community plan," and he called for all employers in the area to work for its success. NAACP field director Ike Williams coupled his endorsement of the program with a warning that "selective economic withdrawal" by blacks would be used against any employer not participating in the plan. Blacks United for Action, an organization that had been threatening a downtown boycott, did not endorse the new program, but its announcement defused, for the time being, the boycott threat. Also conspicuously absent from the list of cooperating institutions and agencies were most of those from Lexington County.

So Columbia moves, by fits and starts, into the complex world of urban problems and opportunities. The opportunities are measured in terms of time — time to save the urban core, to reverse the trend of racial division, to consolidate government services and strengthen the schools and raise economic levels. New ventures such as Harbison, the Doxiadis Study, and the equal employment plan are hopeful signs that Columbia could be wise enough to make what time it has count, and save it from becoming another Monster Metropolis.

But the impediments to such a course are formidable. Residential and industrial growth in the suburban areas helps the overall employment picture but exacerbates the problems of housing, transportation, pollution, and race-class division. Governmental and political jurisdictions compete and clash, and the wasteful duplication promises to become extravagant and unmanageable. The issues of race, finance, organization, and overall quality constitute a multiple crisis for the public schools, and there is practically nothing to encourage hope that the crisis will be averted.

"Columbia has not yet come to an either-or situation," a long-time resident of the city observed. "It's headed toward the same mistakes the big cities have made, but it hasn't arrived there yet, and it still has time. But there's no sense of urgency. We do a little and then feel proud, put out a fire and then relax. The style is low-key, casual, deliberate, subtle, polite, courteous, and passive. The aristocracy, the ruling class, says 'Look how far we've come,' but not many people say 'Look what we're doing to ourselves.' There are too many vested interests to control where we're headed, so nobody pushes, and the long-range problems and needs don't get serious attention until they become clear and present dangers, and then it's too late. This could be a great city — I hope someday it is — but it's not now, and in many ways it's not even headed in that direction."

## Music /Jethro Tull

# A 'modest' performance

## ". . . Tull is one of the few groups able to combine passages of original classical music with R&B. . ."

By Mike Forth

Jethro Tull was an agricultural writer born at Basildon in Berkshire in 1674. His greatest achievement, as related in the preface to the "Specimen" published in 1701, was to "contrive an engine to plant St. Foin more faithfully than my labourers would do. For that purpose I examined and compared all the mechanical ideas that ever had entered my imagination, and at last pitched upon the groove, tongue and spring in the soundboard of an organ. With these a little altered and some parts of two other instruments, as foreign to the field as the organ is, added to them, I composed my machine. It was called a seed drill . . ."

"The name? Well, we hadn't got one and we were asking around and this university-educated agent suggested Jethro Tull. I'd never heard of it before but it sounded rustic and rough, so why not? Anyway we fully expected to only use it for a couple of gigs and then get tired of it. As it happened we started getting popular at the time so we kept it." (Ian Anderson in Rolling Stone, 1970)

Jethro Tull appeared on the stage of Carolina Coliseum Thursday evening through a thick cloud of white smoke. As the smoke began to clear, Ian Anderson stepped forward to address the crowd of over 10,000 people.

"For our first number we are going to play a piece of considerable length," he reported. Parting the flaps of his tailed coat to expose a black jock strap suspended from a shiny metal belt, he then wiggled his hips in a Presley-type of movement to give a tad of physical expression to his initial statement. He added, "It's thick as a brick!"

What followed was an hour and fifteen-minute musical interpretation of an epic poem by eight year old child prodigy Gerald (Little Milton) Bostock, if you happen to believe the lead story of the January 7th issue of the St. Cleve Chronicle. Of course, if you happen to believe that Anderson was the real author of his latest masterpiece, then what followed was an excellent performance of his latest disk entitled "Thick as a Brick."

Jethro Tull is one of the few groups today who have been able to combine instrumental passages of original classical/mediaeval music with unearthly strains of stomach-churning R&B. And they do it very well.

Leaping like a madman and twirling like a ballet dancer (a pirouette here, an arabesque there), Ian Anderson proved to be a dynamic lead vocalist, a superb acoustic guitarist, and a superlative flautist. He was the central driving force of the group.

Anderson also happens to be the genius behind most of the lyrics and musical arrangements of Jethro Tull. Strumming his guitar and singing like an 18th century troubador or playing his flute while perched on one leg, he is a strange anachronism in the 20th century.

But Anderson was not the only outstanding musician. John Evan extended his virtuousity not only to the piano and the organ but also to the harpsicord. A "humble" man, he demonstrated a proficiency at the keyboards that left no one wondering why the group was once named after him, The John Evan Blues Band.

Percussionist Clive Bunker, clad simply in red longjohns, vigorously laid some fine licks on the audience throughout the evening. Even a sort of mock pantomime that he performed, featuring only himself and one small cymbal, was well received.

Then there's the supposed conflict which Anderson generated on the stage between himself and the other guitarists. The snide remarks were usually aimed at lead guitarist Martin Barre, who played the part of a tormented introvert. Anderson pushed him around and beat on his head. Anderson did an arabesque, extending his flute forward with one arm to rest the end of it on Barre's eyeball. So Barre squinted his eye to see inside the flute. (Perhaps insanity touches all great musicians sooner or later.)

Bass guitarist Jeffrey Hammond was one of the four original members of the band who split under pressure from his parents when the group was still called the Blades (Blades being the name of a club which James Bond's boss, M, used to frequent.) and was replaced by Glen Cornick. Cornick was the bass guitarist for the groups first few albums, including **This Was, Stand Up,** and **Benefit.** But Anderson never forgot Hammond who was the "Jeffrey" in several Anderson songs. And when Cornick decided to quit the group in 1970, he was replaced by none other than Jeffrey Hammond. And even with an extra Hammond — Jeffrey Hammond-Hammond.

"Thick as a Brick" was interrupted momentarily when a phone rang to the left of center stage. "It's an urgent call for a Mr. Lloyd Bridges" Anderson announced, setting the receiver next to the phone. Then a scuba diver marched across the stage to answer the phone — fins, tank and all.

When the band left for a short intermission, they were temporarily replaced by a gorilla that tossed bananas to the crowd, and a man-size rabbit, Dr. Farley Ruskin, who gave a short report about the latest developments at a biological warfare testing center.

The history of Anderson's inane props dates back to the night that Tull graduated from support billing to top billing with two other groups in the Marquee, a place in London's Soho district that used to be **the** showcase for new acts. Anderson recalls: "I was so scared. I didn't normally move around the stage like I do now but I did some sort of act because I was so nervous. I used to hide myself inside a great big coat and carry a battered old Woolworth's carrier bag which contained harmonicas and sandwiches and a hot water bottle with a cold drink in it and an alarm clock which always went off in the middle of a quiet song, things like that."

"I suppose it was quite funny but I actually needed those things as props. I couldn't have gone out and said, 'Hey, I'm a singer or a flautist.' I had to go on with a carrier bag so I could trip over it. Anyway people used to laugh and got used to it, began to expect it. My manager, Terry Ellis, made me very conscious of being an 'entertainer' and I got so upset that for weeks I cut it out and went on stage in just a T-shirt and jeans, no props, no funnies, just straight introductions. But I soon got over that phase."

For their "second" number, Tull played the Aqualung side of the Aqualung album. Hammond-Hammond masterfully set up the dominating bass riffs of Aqualung in a manner that helped to explain why his return to the band has catapulted Jethro Tull into the forefront of the contemporary rock music scene.

Although no encore was needed, Tull returned to play "Locomotive breath" and ended the concert, appropriately, with "Wind up."

# Concerts

**THE BEACH BOYS** will appear in Carolina Coliseum on November 1. Tickets are priced at $6, $5 and $4.

**WEST, BRUCE & LAING** will perform with Edgar Winter in Alexander Memorial Coliseum on the Georgia Tech campus on October 26 at 8 p.m. The same group will be performing at Wake Forest on Saturday, October 28 at 8 p.m. Admission again is $5.

**JOHN MAYALL** performs in Atlanta's Sports Arena on November 5. Tickets are $4.50 advance and $5.50 at the door.

**CAT STEVENS** will perform in concert in the new Atlanta coliseum, The Omni, on October 30 at 8 p.m. Prices are $4, $5 and $6. All seats reserved. Tickets on sale for the concert at Ticketron outlets throughout Atlanta.

**THE BYRDS** will perform with New Riders of the Purple Sage in Atlanta Municipal Auditorium on November 14. Tickets are $3.50, $4.50 and $5.50.

**AMERICA** appearing in Atlanta Municipal Auditorium on November 20 Tickets are $3.50, $4.50 and $5.50.

**THE HOLLIES** will be in the area two times in upcoming weeks. On Friday, October 27 the group appears at 8 p.m. at the Park Center in Charlotte. Advance tickets are $4 and tickets at the door will cost $5. For advance tickets, send a money order and stamped, self-addressed envelope to Kaleidoscope, P. O. Box 12722, Charlotte, N.C. The Hollies will be in Atlanta Municipal Auditorium on November 8 at 7:30 p.m. Tickets in Atlanta are $3.50, $4.50 and $5.50.

**ROGER WILLIAMS,** and the Las Vegas Company will appear Friday, November 3 at 8:30 p.m. in Ovens Auditorium in Charlotte. Tickets are $5.50, $4.50 and $3.50. Tickets are on sale through the Coliseum.

**ELTON JOHN,** will perform in Charlotte Coliseum on Thursday, November 16 at 8 p.m. Tickets are $6, $5 and $4 and may be obtained by writing Elton John, Charlotte Coliseum, 2700 E. Independence Blvd., Charlotte, 28205. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope. Allow two weeks for tickets to get to you.

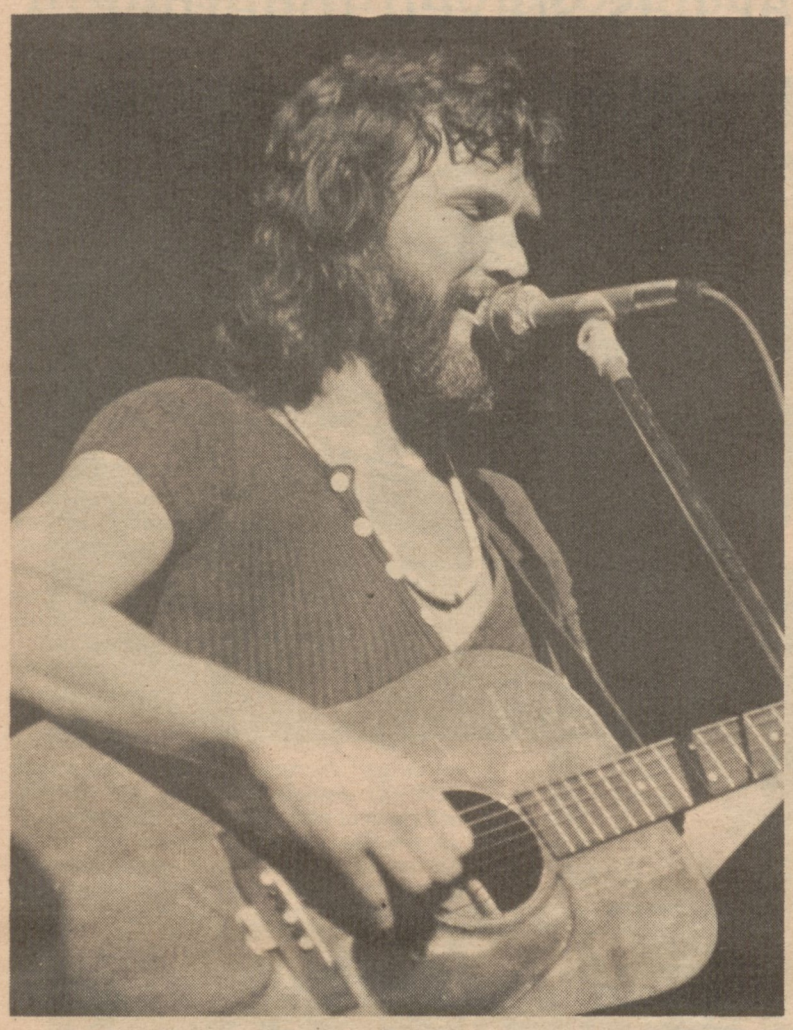
**COUNTRY SHINGDIG 9,** will be held at Carolina Coliseum on October 27 at 8 p.m. with advance tickets priced at $5, $4, and $3. Conway Twitty, Loretta Lynn, George Jones and Tammy Wynette head the show. Tickets are available at the Coliseum and other ticket outlets across the state.

# The Kris and Rita Show

By Kevin McGrath

There was something really different about the recent Kris Kristoferson-Rita Coolidge concert. I guess to put it simply, I'd have to say that it was a little strange. But then, how do you expect a concert by Kris Kristoferson, the man who "defies categorization," to fit the standard mold?

The whole affair got off to a bad start when Kristoferson demanded new microphones during his pre-concert warmup. He didn't achieve any success on that demand, which aggravated him to the extent that he said singing into the microphones was "kind of like singing through a kotex."



Kris came onto the stage with a backup band that consisted of a lead guitar, bass guitar, and a keyboard man. They were received and had hardly begun their set before Kris started apologizing for himself, his music, his band, and the sound equipment. The sound equipment might not have been the best in the world but nobody really expected his show to sound like the inside of a recording studio. If anyone wanted to hear a perfect triple-tracked and remixed sound, they would have stayed at home and listened to some records. It's the human element that is all important in a concert, not the sound. It's the feeling of being there, listening to Kris, Rita, and the band playing live music onstage that everyone came to see and hear. Besides, everyone I talked to had no complaints about the sound.

The second set followed during which Kris was joined by a drummer and another keyboard man. This set was a good one, but Kristoferson shocked and confused everyone when he began announcing that anyone who was not satisfied could have their money back. The money back announcements depressed the audience and almost took all the fun out of the concert. Rita Coolidge then came on and did a few songs. Rita has a really beautiful voice and was obviously enjoyed by the audience. It was easy to see why she was in such a great demand for backup vocals before she started her solo career.

The concert ended with everyone joining in on "Me and Bobby McGee," which is to me one of the best songs ever written. "Feeling good was easy, Lord, when Bobby sang the blues" (or used to be, as Kris said). Kris walked off to a standing ovation but didn't return for an encore.

The scene backstage was a little gloomy, with everyone trying to smile. I talked to Kris and he took the blame for what he called the poor quality of the show. It seems that this gig had been thrown into a tight schedule of his that included several movies and "freebies," and he felt that they just didn't have enough time to practice together.

It also seems appropriate at this time to mention two obscure, but essential, elements of the concert; the promoter and the audience. The University Union Concert Committee has never suffered from a lack of detractors, backstabbers and critics. This is indeed shameful because the Concert Committee has always brought in most of the best concerts in this town. Their concerts suffer from poor attendance because they refuse to bow to all the pressure to bring in all the Top-Ten and teenybopper groups. If any criticism is due, then let it fall on all the "heavy" rock fans in this town who are more than willing to pay outrageous prices to gain the privilege of seeing a poor concert, be insulted, and in general, be treated like shit.

It was really nice to see such a sophisticated audience at the Kristoferson concert. There was no frisbees, jamming of the aisles, or frantic attempts to ascend the stage by drug-crazed teenyboppers. Instead, everyone just sat back, clapped when they felt like it, and had a real good time.

All in all, it was a concert put on by good people, played by good people, and witnessed by some truly fine people. There should be more like it.

Oh, by the way, any asshole who had the audacity to ask for his money back can jump off the Gervais Street bridge.

**Classified**

For Sale: 1965 Ford Fairlane Sport Coupe, V8, $300 — Call Bruce B. 794-4900


the beach boys

IN CONCERT

Carolina Coliseum
Wednesday, Nov. 1st
8:00 p.m.

A University Union Presentation

Tickets on sale at Coliseum ticket outlets and in the USC Russell House. Public: $6, $5 and $4. USC students: $5, $4 and $3. (With ID cards)

Living / Koinonia Farm

# A Georgia commune

## ". . . If you've been thinking about 'working loose' from the rat race this is one commune that has stayed together."

by Jim Turner

In recent years, the commune movement has freed a lot of people from the old 9 to 5 rat race of never having enough money to pay the bills.

If people can stand living with each other's idiosyncrasies, it's cheaper to live in tribes, communist-style.

Would you believe this idea is AT LEAST as old as the first century A. D.?

Thirty years ago, a Southern Baptist preacher was reading Acts 2:44 and 45 where it says "....all that believed were together, and had all things in common; and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need."

Well the Reverend Mr. Clarence Jordan decided if that was the way the apostles lived, it was good enough for him, too.

So he and some like-minded friends of his established Koinonia Farm outside Americus, Georgia in 1942. And although Jordan died in 1969, Koinonia is still alive and thriving. But it wasn't easy.

They could have picked a safer place than Georgia, since they respected all humanity back when segregation was the law there.

Their super-patriotic fellow Southerners didn't take too kindly to their Christian pacifism, either.

They could have picked a safer time than the McCarthy era to form their politically-undefined community where the slightest deviation from the norm made you an instant "commie."

But they couldn't have picked a more dynamic founder than Clarence Jordan. He had a Ph. D. in theology, but his B. S. was in agriculture. So he became a dirt-farming preacher, a good ole Georgia boy with a doctor's degree, a scholar in overalls.

He was a gentle man who sometimes thundered. He was a non-violent man who stared down rednecks from the Ku Klux Klan. He was genuinely humble, but was known to have walked into a rich friend's home and said: "Nice piece of plunder you have here."

I must confess my perverse delight at the times when he made the so-called "Bible-believing fundamentalists" squirm. They all talked about the Christian life, but Clarence Jordan lived it.

He believed that a lot of the Bible is just history or showing how someone applied Jesus' teachings. But Matthews 5-7, the Sermon on the Mount, is where "Jesus starts giving orders."

So many professing Christians give lip service to the ideas of loving enemies, turning the other cheek, walking the extra mile, overcoming evil with good. Clarence Jordan took these orders seriously, and lived by them.

The people of Koinonia Farm helped their neighbors by demonstrating scientific farming methods. But eventually the whites in nearby Americus boycotted the farm because of its stand against race prejudice.

For many years after that, Koinonia met with hostility.

Faced with the local boycott, they started a mail-order business, selling farm products to friends who had either spent some time at the farm or knew of its reputation.

When the boycott made farming impossible, the people at Koinonia went into the pecan business, shipping shelled nuts and candies and fruitcakes.

The KKK types would drive by — shooting into buildings, bombing produce stands and storage areas, setting fires. This terror campaign continued and state and local law enforcement agencies responded with benign neglect.

But the resolute will of Jordan and the other people of Koinonia finally triumphed. Their idea of faith was to live their lives "in scorn of consequences."

Speaking of the persecution, Jordan declared before one audience: "I would rather face the frantic childish mob than the silent, insidious mob of good church people who give assent to boycott and subtle psychological warfare." He stood up to the persecutors, and eventually they backed down.

What it took was for the violence to reach downtown. Violence and threats of violence at Koinonia Farm were acceptable. But when someone bombed an Americus store for breaking the boycott, the leaders of Americus finally agreed to communicate with Koinonia. They sent a group out to beg Jordan and the others to leave. The Koinonians stayed, and the violence subsided.

But even without the terrorism, Koinonia Farm began to falter in the 1960's. As anyone who has tried communal living can attest, it isn't easy, even when the people in the "family" share common goals and want the idea to succeed.

Gradually the people drifted away, going in their own directions. When the fellowship had dwindled down to four people, Jordan began to talk of selling the farm.

But in 1968, he met a millionaire lawyer named Millard Fuller who had dumped his money and his business and committed himself to seeking a life style that would help him find some better purpose for living than money.

He and Jordan dreamed up the idea of helping others restructure their lives so as to be "in partnership with God."

"Koinonia Partners, Inc." now spreads its ideas through the media of records, tapes and books. Its teachers tour the country training new "partners."

The "Fund for Humanity" helps poor people to afford decent housing. Koinonia's philosophy is one not of land ownership but of land use. So with commune labor and funds from gifts and non-interest loans, they have built "The Village" up the road from the farm. People who live there have the use of the land and house until they die, for something like $25 a month. Those who live at the village are not part of the Partnership unless they want to be.

Partnership industries provide jobs for some of these same disadvantaged people. Koinonia now sells handcrafts and double-knit suits for women, in addition to the thriving pecan business.

They've even got the land working again with 1,400 acres of partnership farming.

Money for these ventures comes from contributions, loans from rich friends of the partnership, and from the profits of the various enterprizes.

Koinonia has provided alternative service opportunities for conscientious objectors and meaningful work for VISTA people and other volunteers.

A preponderance of people in their late teens and 20s were at the farm when I visited it this past summer. Some planned to leave in the fall, others had a mind to stay there.

If you've been thinking about "working loose" from the rat race yourself, Koinonia is one commune that has weathered hard times and stayed together.

If living on a farm isn't your thing, perhaps have a look at some of the urban communes around. But if a bunch of radical Christians in backwoods Georgia can do it, so can you.

(Koinonia Farm's mailing address, if you're interested, is Koinonia Partners, Route 2, Americus, Ga. 31709.)

Radio

# No help on the way

## "...Remember that the radio stations you hear now also made high-sounding promises of service to the community. . ."

by Ed Meadows

There are two FM radio channels up for grabs in the Columbia area. One of them, 96.7 mH., is being contested by two applicants, each of whom proposes to offer country music and public service programming to listeners in West Columbia. The other frequency is 101 mH. and the three applicants for that channel propose alternatives of: country music-sacred music-cum public service, big band music-sacred music-cum public service and "middle-of-the-road" programming with the obligatory public service programming.

Not a great variety of choice, eh? The two FM frequencies are intended to serve the Cayce-West Columbia area, where no doubt country music and "sacred" music may appear to serve the areas's needs. It may appear that way if one overlooks that fact that there are already three country music radio stations in the Columbia area and enough religious programming to bore Billy Graham.

The Federal Communications Commission, regulator of the airwaves, has yet to decide which applicants will be awarded the two channels, so the applicants are trying to outdo each other in heady claims of future public service programming to be offered. This is natural enough. The FCC forms one fills out in triplicate to apply for a new radio station almost require that an applicant make some sort of survey of the community's needs. All other things being nearly equal as they are in these cases, the contests revolve around community service schemes and legal technicalities. Ergo, the applicant with the most ambitious public service programming plans is the likely winner, provided he Of course, once a channel is guaranteed and Of course, once a channel is granted and a station is built, the fine-sounding public service plans may be quietly dispensed with. The FCC, history demonstrates, will certainly make no effort to see that the public service is actually performed. And few citizens are well-informed enough to wade through the legal labyrinth of FCC rules and regulations to discover what remedies can be applied.

The contest for the 96.7 mH. channel is especially interesting because it may involve a war of attrition, so to speak, between the opposing applicants. On one side is Lexington Broadcasting, the firm of Olin Tice, who owns WCAY, a country music AM station in Cayce. Tice has proposed another country music station for the FM channel with some public service programming. He says he is the first to apply for additional radio channels for the West Columbia area, back in 1963. His opponent is William D. Hunt, whose wife is comptroller for WOIC radio and several other black-oriented Speidel Broadcasting radio outlets. Apparently (Hunt would make no comment) Hunt has challenged Tice's application on grounds that it lacked adequate provisions for public service programming.

Tice has made no comment on the case before the FCC, except to say that it could drag on for "up to two years" and cost up to $35,000 in legal expenses. He says he intends to stick it out. The implication is that the winner of the game will be the applicant with the most time and money for the legal battle. Tice, with the financial base of a successful AM radio station, has the advantage. Hunt's tentative financing comes from a bank loan with 136 acres of his farmland put up as security.

The three-way contest for the 101 mH. channel is less clear-cut. Congaree Broadcasters, Inc., has proposed a format of country music, sacred music and of course, public service. Preston Callison, a former Lexington House member and spokesman for Congaree, says he wants a radio station that will "give identification to the West Columbia community." He says his station would provide forums for local politicians and offer discussion of "issues." He adds that he would offer "more religious music rather than constant preaching." He says his station would serve all religious groups fairly. (Does that include Buddhists and Black Muslims?)

Mike Turner, manager of WQXL radio and spokesman for Statesville Broadcasting, says his firm has applied for a "middle-of-the-road" FM station with the usual public service programming, including daily phone-in programs, discussions of "issues" and news from city hall.

Then there is West Columbia Broadcasting, Inc., which has proposed "75 per cent general programming, big band sounds, with ten to 15 per cent soft religious music." That's according to William Prince, a spokesman for the company. Prince says his firm's application also calls for such things as "local human events programs," programs dealing with human relations in West Columbia and public service for handicapped people.

In this latter contest, who will be the winner? That is unknown, naturally, but money speaks loudly at the FCC. Thus the bigger applicant, in this case Statesville Broadcasting, has the better chance.

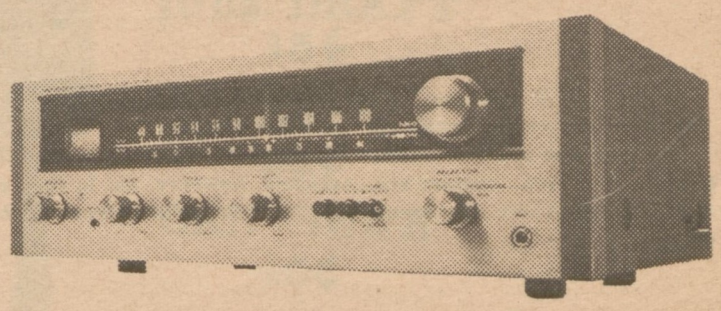
Regardless of which firms win out in the two channel allocation contests, the victory will likely be rather Pyrrhic for the Columbia-area listener. None of the applicants has proposed significant programming alternatives to what's already available on the radio in the Columbia area. Perhaps there will be a bit more public service programming, or perhaps the lofty promises of the station application papers will remain promises locked away in some dusty government file. That's the way the game usually ends. If you don't believe it, just turn on your radio. Remember that the radio stations you hear also made high-sounding promises of service to the community, once upon a time.

TURN ON THE HI-FI.
IT'S NOT WORKING. LET'S TURN OFF THE LIGHTS.
ISN'T THAT THE NEW GREAT SOUNDING PIONEER SX-424 RECEIVER?
YEAH.
IT'S GOT FET'S IN THE FM FRONT END FOR TOP SENSITIVITY AND SELECTIVITY.
SO HAVE I. LET'S TURN OFF THE LIGHTS.
IT HAS AN EXTRA WIDE TUNING DIAL WITH AN OVERSIZE TUNING METER.
SO HAVE YOU. LET'S TURN OFF THE LIGHTS.
FOR A $179.95 RECEIVER WITH 50 WATTS, IT'S GOT LOTS OF FEATURES.
SO HAVE YOU. LET'S TURN OFF THE LIGHTS.
ALL YOU EVER WANT IS SEX. GIVE ME A REASON YOU CAN'T TURN ON THE HI-FI.
I PULLED OUT THE PLUG!

PIONEER® NEW SX-424 50 WATT AM-FM STEREO RECEIVER

The SX-424 is the perfect control unit for your hi-fi set up. We can build a complete, quality stereo system around it for about $250. Come in and hear the fabulous sound of this all-in-one stereo receiver today.

**$179.95**



DISCOUNTS ON AUDIO COMPONENTS AND SYSTEMS

621 Harden St., Five Points **HI-FI SOUND Distributors** The South's 'Best-Buy' Audio House

20 Years . . . Audio Specialists . . . For Your Choice Of The Choice

Theatre / Child's play

# More than a prep school

## "...The play is a trigger for our imaginations. Our own private conception of evil is finally the only means of judging it ."

by Mike Smith

Are the children possessed by some mysterious power or is it simply the minutely planned destruction of a good man? Or neither? Or both? What evil has come over St. Charles Academy for young men?

These questions plague young Reese as he witnesses the conversion of the select Catholic school from a solid educational institution to a horror palace of sado-masochistic beatings, deep-eyed stares, and whispered evils.

Reese is a young instructor on the faculty so, of course, he doesn't receive much help in trying to find out what is wrong with the children. He knows something must be done, he tells Mr Dobbs, just before one student is savagely beaten by the other boys.

Wise old Dobbs whimsically dismisses any talk of conspiracies — "Boys will be boys" says the man who has known "his boys" for over 20 years.

Classicist Malley, on the other hand, is too pre-occupied with his own personal problems — a dying mother, an unruly class, and his own paranoid idea that Dobbs is trying to undermine his position of respect at the academy.

The Catholic Fathers, to be sure, are alarmed over certain incidents but — as would most administrators — the headmaster only wants to do what is best for the children and the reputation of his school.

Such is life at St. Charles Academy as revealed in the opening scenes of Robert Marasco's "Child's Play." Within the first few scenes, the unsuspecting audience is thrown into a real world where evil is afoot.

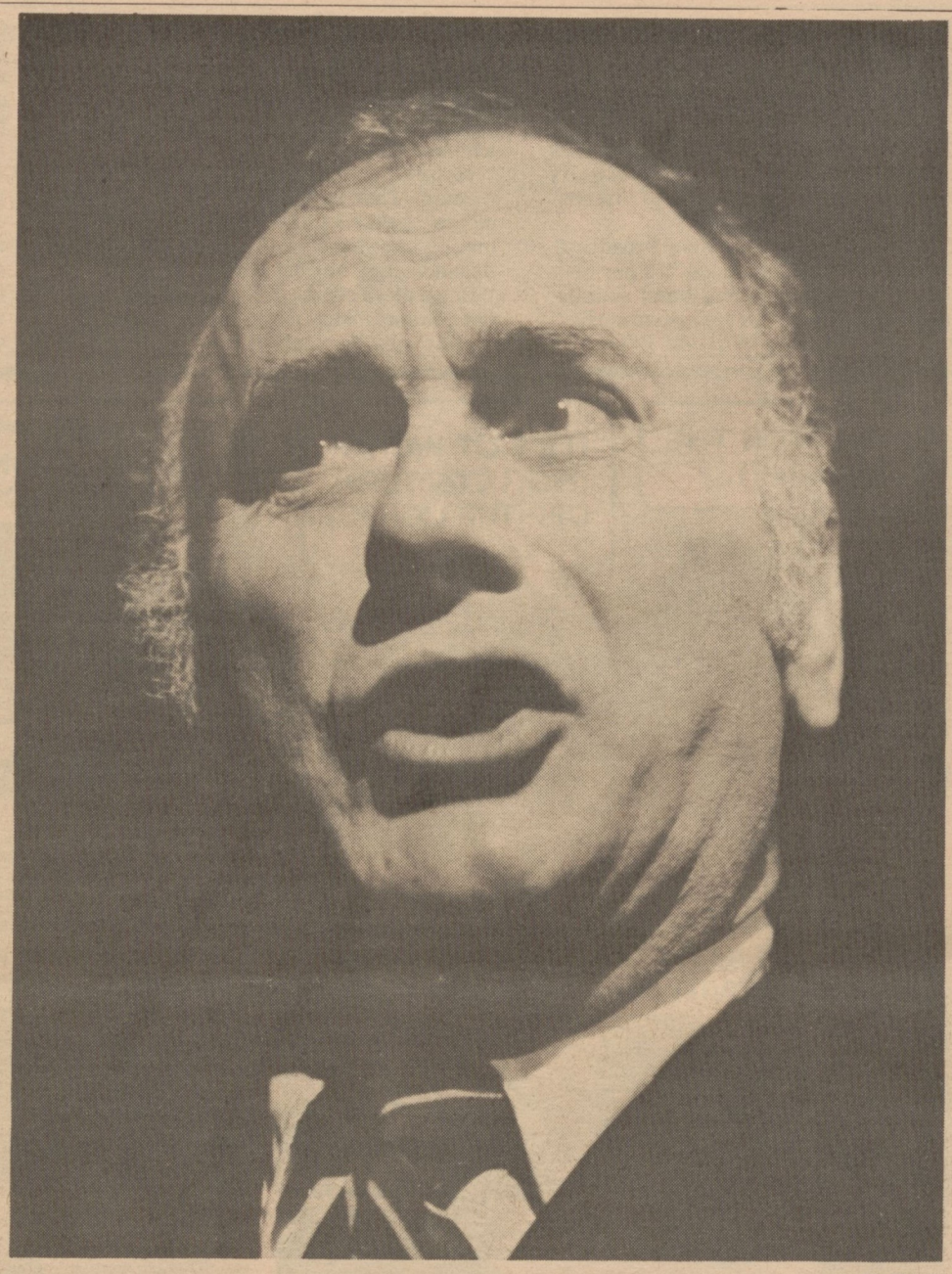
And then, things begin to happen which only lead Marasco's characters further into a hellish nightmare of mental suffering ending in confrontations of souls and an exorcist's revenge.

Expressionless, hollow-headed children openly challenge their professors, a student is whipped and hanged to a crucifix in defiant blasphemy, and then charges are exchanged.

Is Dobbs manipulating the children to secure a better position for himself by destroying Malley or has the classicist changed the students into passionless automatons and masochists through his "hard-core" classroom technique and his (implied) homosexuality?

This, ultimately, is what young Reese (and the audience) must decide. He (and they) must be judge and jury for Dobbs and Malley as he gathers opinions, rumors and twisted facts to try to explain what terror controls St. Charles.

"Child's Play" is a taut melodramatic thriller, a psychological detective story with perverted twists, cynical truths, and "things that go bump in the night." As a Broadway production, it received five Tony Awards. As a Workshop Theatre production, it shocked and frightened Columbia audiences during its recent run.



DeHart

From an energetic opening to a high-powered dramatic climax, the Workshop Players command total attention as a highly-polished cast transforms Marasco's realistic dialogue into threatening innuendoes of threatening terror. The excellence of Marasco's Play is matched equally with the intensity of the all-male cast.

The children, first of all, are quite good. Through glassy-eyed stares and stylized movements, they take us through the halls of St. Charles into shadowy hiding places and into dark rooms. They give the audience an expression of the evil around them by becoming the direct symbol of that evil.

Whether they are the source or the result of this unnamable evil is the basic dilemma of Young Reese, who is quite splendidly created by Gerald McKibben.

Reese, as presented by McKibben, is a man who could physically take on great odds but who possesses a mental awkwardness (because of his position on the faculty) which prevents any attempts to quickly get to the root of the children's problem.

McKibben is quite good, bringing lucid touches of realism to his performance. He's best in his crucial scene with Malley and during the final confrontation scene.

Johnny DeHart's Mr. Malley is a beautiful portrait of a dedicated man. Malley is a Classicist who has finely honed his mind to adjust to the minutest details of teaching Latin and Greek. Socially, however, he is a marble block, for he has sacrificed personal enjoyments for his mother, his position, and his students.

DeHart presents Malley as a cold man — a man who has decided that his personal comforts are meaningless as long as he can order his environs as perfectly as he has ordered himself. DeHart is perfectly formal until Malley's veneer of frigidity crumbles and he unleashes a torrent of passion as he grapples for truth.

DeHart has perfected every detail, providing the audience with a well-studied portrait, allowing us to watch his mind at work.

Jim E. Quick plays Mr. Dobbs, the surrogate father who has known "his boys" for over 20 years. Dobbs appears to be the point of harmony between the students and Malley's severity. He is a good teacher, confidante, and friend. Yet, as he speaks, the audience grows more and more aware of his inability to really say anything;he just fills gaps.

Quick is first-rate in this role. He presents a perfect counter-point between the students' youth and Malley's serious nature. He judiciously acts with great subtlety, never allowing the ironies of his dialogue to fall as tinny heaviness. He has finely mastered the "dialect" of a sniveler.

The three principal performances receive handy assistance from Wally Rodriguez (Father Griffin) and Peter Syrett (Father Mozian), who are excellent in the mock crucifixion scene, and Bill Mould (Father Penny) who provides some badly-needed comic relief once the suspense starts building.

Mary Arnold Garvin is the sly director who has pieced together this production for the Workshop.The play itself is excellent, but, on stage, it needs tightness and talent to ferret out its many subtleties and shadings. Ms. Garvin and her cast have provided just those ingredients. She has directed her actors with great stealth, never letting one performance upstage another, never missing deep, special meanings in each line.

Also, she has perfectly integrated lights, sound effects, and set to impress the audience with the seriousness of the action. Through somber lighting, madly-ringing bells, and screams from the deepest recesses of the stage, Ms. Garvin's displays an amazing technical sense of theatre not usually noted in many local productions.

And, what is even better, she keeps the suspense building and building until the perplexed audience is all a frazzle, shocked by the thematic disposition of the play and thoroughly delighted by the talent both on and off stage.

Whatever the play is about is never certain. Marasco's ambiguities of script, heightened by the various on-stage interpretations of character, are just presented — as it were — for our information. What causes us to respond to this play is ourselves. The play is a trigger for our imagination. Our own private conceptions of evil is finally the only means of judging what has been presented so well on the stage.

"I shall be disappointed," Ms Garvin warns her audience," if you leave the theater tonight thinking you've seen just a play about a boy's prep school."Yeah, me too.

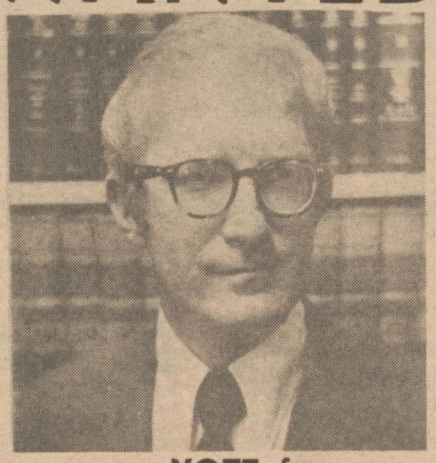
THE CYCLIST
911 sumter st. columbia, south carolina 29201

At the Cyclist you can get an expensive imported bicycle, exceptional service and reasonably priced accesories.

You may also observe the rare BICYCLUS FANATICUS, roaming freely in the area. Visitors are cautioned, however, not to feed or engage them in any way as most of them are a little loose in the sprocket .



WANTED



your **VOTE** for

**Robert H. Sandifer**

for SHERIFF of

RICHLAND COUNTY

Books

# Viewing the air war

## "... The book is not pleasant reading. But for one who is concerned about the U.S. role in Indochina, it is essential ..."

By Leslie Turner

**Voices from the Plain of Jars:** Life under an Air War Compiled, with an Introduction and Preface, by Fred Branfman Pub. Harper Colophon Books, 160 pp., $1.95, paperback

**Fred Branfman spent four years in Laos as an A.I.D. worker, from March 1967 to February 1971. While there, he visited a dozen different refugee camps, going to these camps more than one hundred times and speaking to over one thousand people.**

**Voices from the Plain of Jars** is a collection of essays and pictures by these refugees. Branfman has translated the writings into English and prefaced the collection with a brief history of the region.

Before 1964 the Plain of Jars, located in northeastern Laos, was a prosperous and picturesque farm region. Then it was taken over by insurgent Pathet Lao guerilla forces.

In May, 1964, the United States began bombing the Plain. The bombing continued for five years, intensifying after November, 1968, when the bombing halt in North Vietnam freed men and equipment for the secret war in Laos.

Branfman states: "Over 25,000 attack sorties were flown against the Plain of Jars from May, 1964, through September, 1969; over 75,000 tons of bombs were dropped on it; over 50,000 airmen at distant bases were involved; below, on the ground, thousands were killed and woulded, tens of thousands driven underground, and the entire above-ground society leveldd."

To an American public long weary of this war, the exposure of yet another instance of United States armed forces exerting control over a region by completely destroying it can hardly come as a surprise.

And yet I found myself shocked and profoundly grieved by the simply told stories of these refugeed peasants. A thirty-year old woman refugee writes:

"Our lives became like those of animals desperately trying to escape their hunters . . . Human beings, whose parents brought them into the world and carefully raised them with overflowing love despite so many difficulties, these human beings would die from a single blast as explosions burst, lying still without moving again at all. And who then thinks of the blood, flesh, sweat and strength of their parents, and who will have charity and pity for them? . . . In reality, whatever happens, it is only the innocent who suffer. And as for other men, do they know all the unimaginable things happening in this war?"

That this suffering was indeed caused by United States bombing is thoroughly documented. For example, the United States Senate Subcommittee on Refugees found that "The United States has undertaken . . . a large-scale air war over Laos to destroy the physical and social infrastructure in Pathet Lao areas ... throughout all this there has been a policy of secrecy . . . the bombing has taken and is taking a heavy toll among civilians."

Branfman also gives other sources which confirm his findings, including other Senate committee hearings, The United States Information Service, the Cornell Air War study group, and other sources.

The significance of this ssecret war is that it "marks a new era in the history of military conflict: war which is not fought by men but machines, war which can erase distant and unseen societies clandestinely, unknown to and even unsuspected by the world outside."

The book is not pleasant reading. But for one who is seriously concerned about the United States role in Indochina, it is essential.

NO
Matter
What
Kind
of
Mood
You're In

Party Time
2-7

10 oz. DRAFT
15¢

SETUPS
25¢

CAN BEER
40¢

## Television

# Another year, another season

### ". . . You may wonder how networks spend millions each year and always come up with the same miserable product . . ."

by Ed Meadows

Of all the forms of mass media, television is the most easily criticized. Television invites the icy condescension of critics simply because crap is to television what eggs are to an omelette—almost everything. How many writers have built careers driving literary bulldozers through the vast wasteland? Condemnation of television is so easy that the inventive critic is almost tempted to praise the medium, for perversity's sake.

But the fall network television season is with us. Inevitably, it's time once again to dust off the bludgeons and brickbats and go through the litany of reviewing the new fall shows.

Dear reader, keep in mind that television network executives work from the theory of the Lowest Common Denominator. Network programs are geared to the largest supposed majority of people—a majority thought by network executives to have a median sixth grade education and an I.Q. to match. Remember also that television programs are designed very specifically to avoid controversy, because advertisers want as many viewers as possible. You may wonder how the networks can spend millions of dollars on production and millions more on talent and come up with the same miserable product year in and year out.

The reason is that the television industry is engaged in selling products, not ideas or entertainment or news or any of that. The industry considers that, when all is said and done, the television program's only real function is to provide an enticing framework for the commercials with which it is so frequently interrupted. You can be sure that if a program featuring Tricia Nixon committing unnatural acts on a horsefly was the most popular fare, then all three networks would flood the airwaves with minor variations on that theme. Taste really has nothing to do with commercial television, except when viewers are offended enough to write letters or make phone calls to the networks. And usually the protesters are moved to action only when television attempts to go outside the realm of banality. Example: The average viewer sits by as passively as a clam while mayhem, murder, lame jokes and artless acting flashes on and off his tube. But let one black athlete refuse to stand at attention when the "Star Spangled Banner" is played, and simple-minded flag-wavers will rush to their phones and choke the network switchboards with mutterings about The Commies, ad absurdum.

But it's time to leave the hardcore, serious problems of television and get on with the trivia of the actual programming. The content of the new shows will be considered here, but not the potential for success or failure of each. That's because such potential rests on variables like the time slot a program is aired, its competition with other network shows in the same time slot, and the ability of the producers to maintain a consistent quality for the series. As for the latter variable, the writers for a new television show generally must come up with scripts for 13 weeks' worth of programs before a series is bought by a network. After those 13 weeks, things usually deteriorate rapidly. It's hard enough to squeeze life out of most series for even 13 weeks, though. The long-term survivors usually work on a set formula, like Mission-Impossible.

MONDAY: ABC offers "The Rookies," more porcine public relations, but this time the cops are "relevant" and avoid some of the right-wing pomp and pandering found on "Adam-12" and "Dragnet." It features three police rookies, two white, one black. Show is said to be modeled on ABC's "Mod Squad."

At ten p.m., CBS offers one of the best of the new shows, "The New Bill Cosby Show," with beautiful Lola Falana, good dancers and Cosby's mild, intelligent humor. On the first show Peter Sellers and Lily Tomlin were guests along with the Staple Singers. Sellers was brilliant in several comedy sketches. Cosby turned the simple act of lighting charcoals into a comedy routine that worked. The Staple Singers were sweet and soulful.

TUESDAY: CBS hits the airwaves at 8 p.m. with "Maude" — a version of "All in The Family" moved from Queens up to the more wealthy Westchester County. "Maude" is the wife in what is supposed to be a typical affluent, middle-class Jewish Westchester family. The first show had some good lines but the plot, about "Maude's" daughter's psychiatric visitations, was contrived. The second, on conservative vs. liberal sex attitudes, was fine. If you must watch a situation comedy, then "Maude" is better than most.

Opposite "Maude" on ABC is "Temperatures Rising," a new medical situation comedy, this one apparently based on the old "Julia." But this time the doctor is black. My viewing notes report that this is "harmless-fun-type-crap," better missed than watched.

At ten p.m. NBC presents a news special. These specials always promise to be good and are must viewing for those who would keep well-informed. The first news special showed how industry has ripped off workers by promising and then not delivering pensions after retirement.

WEDNESDAY: At 8 p.m. ABC provides an instant loser for your viewing pleasure. It's the "Paul Lynde Show." Paul, the father in another affluent suburban family, seems permanently paralyzed in a half-smiling, half-angry grimace. He seems more at home in a gay bar than a suburban household. In the first episode Lynde's "daughter" brings home a no account boy she's just married. It's generation gap comedy. Headed for oblivion.

NBC features Tony Francisca and Hugh O'Brien as your regulation urbane detective superheros at ten p.m. The show, "Search," is not bad for the detective genre.

Opposite "Search" on ABC is "Julie Andrews," in which Julie sings dances, jokes and in general plumbs new depths of mediocrity. Skip this one.

THURSDAY, Frankly, I couldn't bring myself to actually watch the Thursday night droppings, but I have it on good authority that both CBS's "The Waltons" and ABC's "The Men" are not winners. The former is the homey saga of a Blue Ridge mountain family during the Depression at 8 p.m. "The Men," at ten p.m., is an adventure series.

FRIDAY: NBC comes on with "The Little People" at 8:30 p.m. It's a situation comedy about a father and daughter pediatrician team in Hawaii. The show might be interesting for pederasts, but for the rest of us, the banal humor and contrived plot present an opportunity to give the television set a nap.

Next on NBC is "Ghost Story," which may become a perennial if kept at the same level as the first episode. Turn out the lights, get stoned and you might even be frightened as you watch this. Not bad at all.

Following "Ghost Story" is "Banyon," an undistinguished early '30s series guaranteed to plunge quickly into the arms of Oblivion.

SATURDAY: CBS has provided us with a situation comedy of the same calibre as "All in The Family" at 8:30 p.m. with "Bridget Loves Bernie," a series about a Jewish New York cabbie-actor and his well-heeled Irish fiancee. The show offers some genuinely funny scenes taken from realistic family situations. Bernie's family is full of Jewish self-pinty and Bridget's father digs Spiro Agnew. Good show.

At 9:30 p.m. Bob Newhart, acting with all the dynamism of a lobotomized downer freak, stars in another losing situation comedy, called "The Bob Newhart Show." Susan Pleshette, as his wife, is nice to look at, but adds nothing to this deadbeat drama.

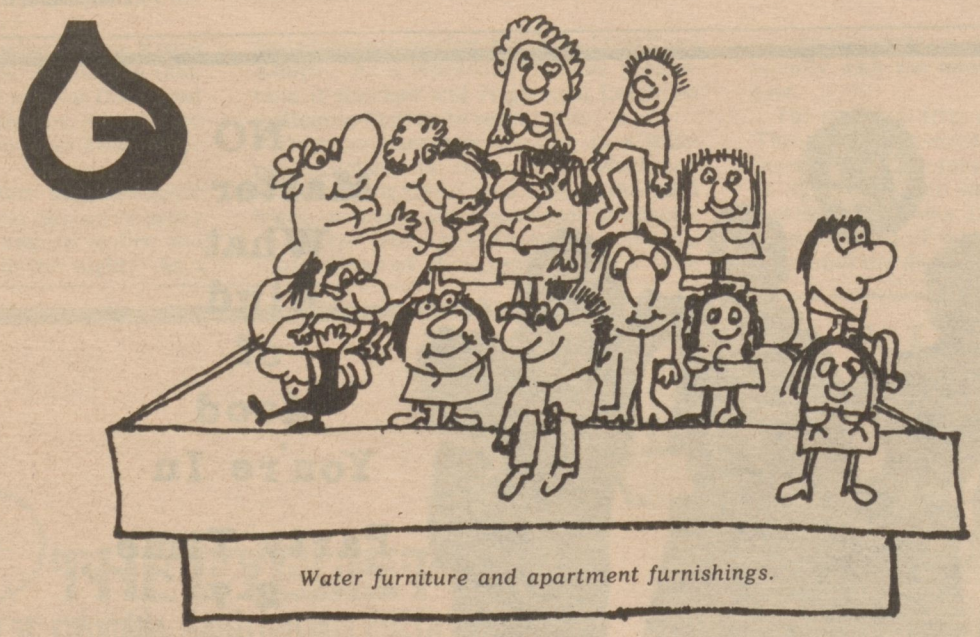
At 8 p.m., ABC offers a western entitled "Alias Smith & Jones" alternating with one called "Kung Fu." Both are competing against "All in the Family" and both will likely die quick, unnoticed deaths. The westerns are followed by ABC's "The Streets of San Francisco" at 8:30 p.m. Karl Malden's huge nose and self-righteous air will lend this cops and robbers series a hand as it floats gracefully up to the great forgotten film library in the sky.

SUNDAY, Remember the movie "The King and I?" Well, CBS has come up with a spinoff, called "Anna and the King" at 7:30 p.m. Set in some oriental palace, it's okay for children and the feeble-minded.

CBS follows that up with what's billed as the hit of the season — M-A-S-H. It's another spinoff, from the popular movie of the same name. Maybe it's going to be a hit, but I consider it trash. The movie was based on the premise that if you're good at what you do, you can be a cutsy juvenile off the job, especially if you have a war's grimness to justify your tension-relieving antics. That premise worked to some extent in the movie, because of the gory realism and almost explicit sex. The television series, also set in a Korean War army medical unit, fails because the realism is gutted. The television M-A-S-H characters berate the military authorities just like in the movies, but rob our laughter when we learn that the authorities are mere buffoons, not realistic generals to be reckoned with. The absurdly funny sex of the movie version manifests itself merely as sexism in the series. A loser.

So there it is. The new fall lineup. What can be said in its behalf? Very little, really. If you must watch television, try to stick to public television programs. Almost any of them are better than the best on the networks. There's "The Jazz Set," "Thirty Minutes With," "Book Beat," "Firing Line," what have you. And premiering in October, "The Family Game" promises to be an important show. It will present encounter-group type sessions delving into very real family and inter-personal situations.

By the way, the commercial networks have discovered that sports telecasts provide big audiences. So there'll be more sports than ever on television this season. NBC will air no less than 93 football games this year. Great for those weekend shut-ins who call themselves "sports."

*Water furniture and apartment furnishings.*

*"The Best in Waterbeds since 1971."*

Golden Slumber Inc.

*1005 Whaley Street*

*254-7485*

Books / St. George

# Mailer — brilliant, as usual

## "... It was McGovern's stark honesty and the heroic nature of his ascendency that registered well with Aquarius."

by Ed Meadows

**St. George and the Godfather,** by Norman Mailer. Published by The New American Library, September, 1972. 229 pages. $1.50. Available at Capital Newsstand and other bookstores.

"It was possible that no politician in the history of America employed so dependably mediocre a language in his speeches as Nixon, nor had a public mind ever chased so resolutely after the wholly uninteresting expression of every idea. But then few literary artists proved masters of the mediocre. Nixon was the artist who discovered the laws of vibration in all the frozen congelations of the mediocre. Other politicians obviously made their appeal to the lowest instincts of the wad and once in a while a music man like George C. Wallace could get them to dance, but only Nixon had thought to look for the harmonics of the mediocre . . ."

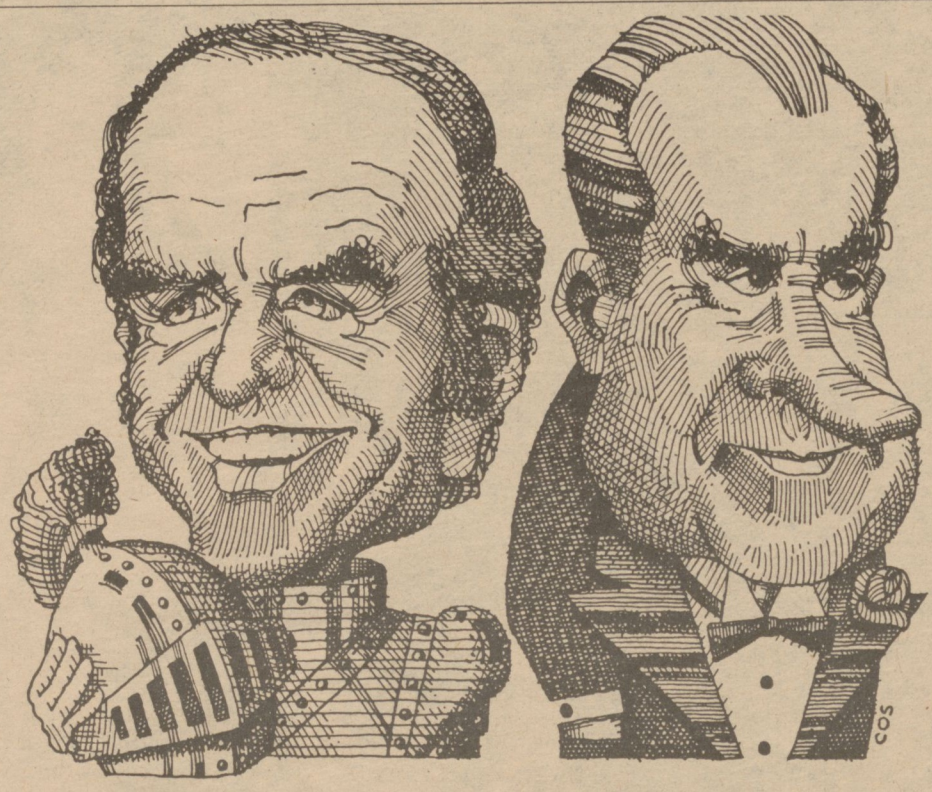
The quote could only have come from Norman Mailer. It's from "St. George and the Godfather," his new book and a triumph of existential journalism. The book, perhaps setting a precedent, was printed in paperback and released just weeks after the Republican national convention in Miami. Mailer, alias Aquarius, ever in search of clues to the dread that fuels his vision of apocalypse, hauled his rich journalistic baggage to Miami to cull insight and metaphor that no other writer can match. Where other journalists drew blanks and yawned stiff yawns, Mailer measured and probed like a moon scientist determined to squeeze the last molecule of meaning from the cold, hard surface of a moon rock. More often than not, he succeeded.

Mailer calls himself a Left Conservative, allied to that middle ground of humanism and near anarchy between the totalitarian Right dreamt about by Nixon and the gray totalitarian Left of liberals who would house the poor in the adequate but lifeless look-alike housing projects divorced from all but the efficiencies of totalitarian technology.

Mailer, then, who graduated from Harvard with an engineering degree, is an existential mystic, a believer in the rates of passage, in an age when the promises of sterile technology goad the hopes of the mediocre hordes. In St. George and the Godfather," Mailer has named the hordes the "wad." Then what better place than the Miami of policital circuses for Mailer to observe this "wad." To wit: "But if this was the major work of Nixon's intellectual life, to chart the undiscovered laws of movement in the unobserved glop of the wad, it had been a work of such complexity that it would yet take the closest study of the design he had put upon this convention, this masterpiece of catering to every last American pride prejudice going down the broad highway of the political center." And furthermore, "—yes, it was Nixon's genius to know that every bomb dropped somehow extinguished another dangerous hippie in the mind of the wad, evil was a plague of creeping things and the bombs were DDT to the cess-dumps of the world"

If Mailer is the psychic mortal enemy to the "wad's" bland lust for the ordinary, he is not unwary of the liberals who danced at the Democratic convention. "Back at the Doral, however, there was every incongrous mix of the McGovern kids, all there, Phi Beta Kappas with clean faces and clean horn-rimmed glasses, their presence to offer clear statement of a physiology which had little taste for liquor and much taste for good marks, as well as a horde of suburban youth with long hair and the sense of boredom of waiting on still another evening for some tribal Left wind to touch the hair of their nostrils."

But still, Mailer's favor could not but lie with the McGovern camp. It was McGovern's stark honesty and the heroic nature of his ascendency from the bleak back roads of New Hampshire to the heady duel with Chicago Mayor Daley that registered well with Aquarius. Mailer, somehow appropriately, shook hands with McGovern as he emerged from the labors of his private




bathroom, and thence attempted an interview with the contender. But Mailer realized that he had had no questions for the candidate (Aquarius has little use for the face-to-face interview, prefering more metaphysical searches) and proceeded to offer McGovern his own views. His piece said, Mailer listened as McGovern brought up the Eagleton affair. At the conclusion, Mailer told McGovern, "You picked a nice man who just doesn't give the impression that he could ever conceivably be a President. With due respect, I think it was your fault."

"Yes," said McGovern, tall and sad and brooding, "It was my fault," and Aquarius thought that if they had only talked of the mistakes he had made, and the flaws in his powers, still he had never looked more and sounded more like a President, for it was as if his error now leaned against all the wounds of that world he hoped to mend, and the wounds leaned back on him."

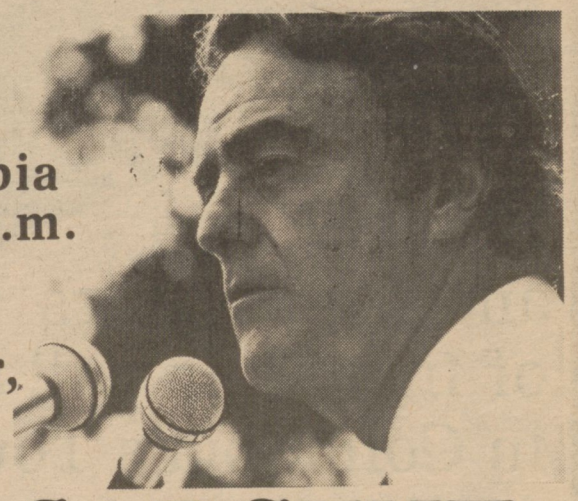
Most journalists were quick to dismiss the scattered anti-war protests at Miami Beach as ineffectual and meaningless, worthy of another long yawn. But to Mailer, the meaning was there: "The air is also stale in Flamingo Park, stale with the butt-end of dead souls all over the grass, washed-out, leached-out, processed-out, souls dead with the consumption of their own drug-fired awareness, and the vision is always at hand of the American Left disappearing in the vortex of the great cosmic hole of the drug while Nixon speaks from the Heights of the White Knights and says, "I will destroy 200,000,000 Asians before I let American youth go over to drugs."

Norman Mailer returned from service in World War II as a young man to write "The Naked and the Dead," his first and only important work of fiction. Since that novel, Mailer helped found the Village Voice in New York, insulted its readers with a venomous arrogance and struggled with that part of his ego which told him to challenge the then-fading Ernest Hemingway for supremacy in letters. Mailer even worshiped Hemingway after a fashion, but was quickly rejected when Hemingway read his novel and called it "diahhrea of the typewriter." Mailer's hurt was large and it only added to his dread that he was perhaps a one-shot novelist. The dread was well-founded but finally irrevelant, for Mailer learned that fiction was a wasteful conceit when a mind as rich as he could invest reality with the best insights of fiction. Mailer, then became slowly and painfully an existential journalist, the BEST existential journalist, a writer of rich, free-form, heroic writing, the bastardization of which is now called the New Journalism. New journalists like Tom Wolfe and Hunter Thompson are but near-spent flickers next to Mailer's heroic beacon.

Mailer is a spiritual father to the counter-culture of the Left. He was busy experimenting with marijuana in the 1950s, revealing the birth pangs of Hip in his essay "The White Negro," and predicting the apocalypse in the streets of the 1960s. But it is part of Mailer's genius that his mind never rested at the philosophical docks of the Beat Generation or the Hip. In fact, his mind, then and now, navigates metaphysical rivers which lesser minds will only later come to comprehend. Mailer will never be obsolete. "St. George and the Godfather," read closely, makes that point clear.

**Democratic vice presidential candidate R. Sargent Shriver will deliver a major policy speech in Columbia Thursday, October 26 at 12:30 p.m. on the State House steps. Shriver will be accompanied by his wife Eunice Kennedy Shriver, Gov. John West and Senator Ernest Hollings.**

**A public rally is planned.**

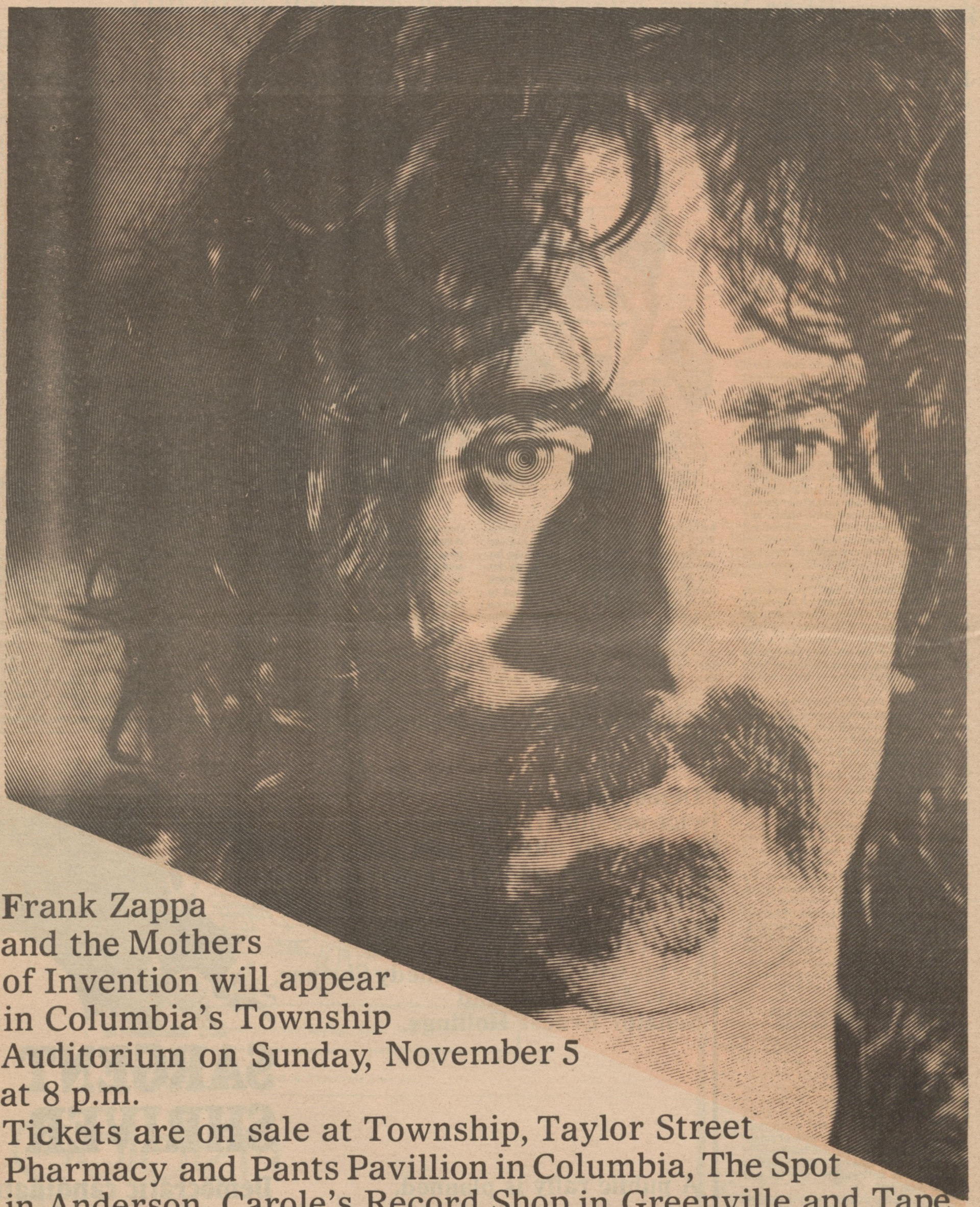


**SARGENT SHRIVER**

**Democratic candidate for Vice-President of the United States**

Paid political advertisement

# ZAPPA



Frank Zappa
and the Mothers
of Invention will appear
in Columbia's Township
Auditorium on Sunday, November 5
at 8 p.m.
Tickets are on sale at Township, Taylor Street
Pharmacy and Pants Pavillion in Columbia, The Spot
in Anderson, Carole's Record Shop in Greenville and Tape
World in Spartanburg. Tickets are $5 advance, $6 at the door.
Also on the program — Tim Buckley

A Beach Club Promotion